This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

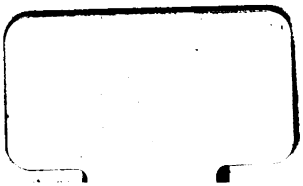
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08161782 5



NRWE
(Cary)

ODES OF PINDAR.

PINDAR

IN

ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXXXIII.

E.M.C.

2..
10638.

CHISWICK:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

ODES OF PINDAR.

OLYMPIC I.

With water nought may vie;
And gold, like fire at midnight blazing,
Glittering heaps outshineth far:
But, if thou tell'st of victory,
Soul, through wastes of ether gazing,
Than the sun no brighter star
Seek; nor deem this earth supplies
A nobler than th' Olympic prize.
Thence doth the many-voiced hymn arise,
Which in their thought wise minstrels frame,
To warble forth the great Saturnian's name
Round Hiero's blest hearth with plenty stor'd:
Rightful sceptre who retains
O'er Sicilia's pastoral plains;
Culling the top of every flower
That blossometh in Virtue's bower:
Nor less he knows the charms that lie
In the sweet soul of Poesy,

Such music as around his board
By us, who love him, oft is pour'd.
  Reach then the Dorian shell,
On yonder nail, suspended;
If in thee, sweet remembrance grateful dwell
Of Pisa, and the steed
Pherenicus, he whose speed,
As with ungoaded side
He rush'd by Alpheus' tide,
With mighty triumph blended
His Syracusan lord, the courser-loving king.
  For him a light of glory doth upspring
Amid the land with heroes teeming,
Lydian Pelops' colony,
Whom Neptune chose to be his joy;
When from that cauldron pure,
Clotho did him secure,
Deck'd with an ivory shoulder whitely beaming.
  Many a wonder is, in sooth.
But sometimes more than truth,
On man's beguiled thought
Invention will prevail
With a well-woven tale,
In varied colours, quaintly wrought:
And grace, that can a magic throw
On all that charms the sense below,
By lustre not his own reliev'd,
Hath made th' incredible believ'd.
But after-days the best convincers are:
And man, should only fair

Speak of the Gods, and good:
For so is blame eschew'd.
O son of Tantalus, not as of yore,
Will I record thy story:
That when to Gods, invited guests,
At Sipylus, thy sire
Spread in return his ample feasts,
Then, smitten with desire,
Thee the trident-ruler bore
Snatch'd up on golden steeds to Jove's high consistory;
Where Ganymede came after thee
To Jove for equal ministry.
But when thou vanish'd wert; nor sought
Long time, wast to thy mother brought,
Some envious neighbour whispering said
That they thy limbs had with a blade,
In seething water, hewn; and set
Upon the board thy sodden flesh, and eat.
That impious thought be far from me
To tax a God with gluttony.
Small gain awaits the slanderer's tongue.
If any, mortal tribes among,
In honour high advanced to live,
Th' Olympian watchers e'er did give,
That Tantalus was he.
But the great bliss unable to digest,
And with satiety opprest,
A direful harm he rued, the stone
Enormous o'er him hung by Jove,
Which alway from his head

Endeavouring to remove,
He is to joy a stranger.
Such life he hath; with endless danger,
And toil insufferable, led:
(With other three, not he alone),
For that from heaven he stole away
The nectar and ambrosia,
Which him incorruptible made;
And to his earthly peers convey'd.
Who hopes that aught he doth may lie
A secret from immortal eye,
Sins 'gainst the power of heaven.
Therefore his son, the Gods again
Sent to the short-lived race of men,
From their own mansions driven.
He, soon as duskier down did shade
The bloom upon his cheek display'd,
Of ready nuptials thought;
And from her Pisan sire, the glorious maid
To win, Hippodameia, sought.
He came; and by hoar ocean's flood
Alone in darkness stood,
Then call'd amid the sullen roar
On him whose trident shook the shore.
Straight at his feet the God appear'd.
And thus his suppliant voice was heard.
"Neptune, if thou at all hast held
The gifts of Venus dear,
Of brave Œnomaus be quell'd
By thee the brazen spear.
In swiftest chariots speed me on

To Elis, and with triumph crown.
Thirteen hero-suitors slain,
His daughter's wedding he delays.
The mighty conquest, ne'er will gain
A man whom fear of peril frays.
And why, of those with death their doom,
Should any, sitting down in gloom,
Without a name his age consume,
Vainly; nor a portion share
In aught that noble is and fair?
Mine is the trial; and thine be
To grant success and victory."
He spoke; nor fail'd of his desire.
And, honoring him, the God
A golden car bestow'd,
And winged steeds that never tire.
Œnomaus fell his might before,
And the virgin bride he led.
Six lordly sons to him she bore,
Each in school of virtues bred.
And now by Alpheus' wave he lies,
Mingled with famous obsequies,
That round his tomb they celebrate,
Near the great altar's thronged state.
And far abroad the glory hath look'd out
Of Pelops, in th' Olympic courses,
Where swift feet do try their forces,
And the toils of champions stout.
O'er the victor's life, the balm
Of triumph sheds a holy calm.

The good supreme, that mortal knows,
Still from to-day's contentment flows.
For such behoves me now to breathe
Æolian measures; a fit wreath,
That to the courser's speed belongs.
No other host, expert in lovely lore
Or in might excelling more,
At least of mortals now,
I e'er shall clothe in folds of dædal songs.
God is thy guardian, Hiero; and shares
In these thy princely cares.
And, if he fail not soon,
I trust with yet a sweeter tune,
To sound in chariot swift thy praise;
Finding a prosperous journey for my lays;
And stand beside the Cronian height,
That shines in evening's ample light.
Therefore for me the Muse
Doth in her strength a mightier weapon feed.
Manifold are the ways
That men to greatness lead:
In kings the summit ends.
No further stretch thy views.
Thine be the lot, this time
To tread the path sublime;
For me, meanwhile with conquerors my friends
To live, conspicuous still
For the wise poet's skill,
Wherever Greece extends.

OLYMPIC II.

Ye hymns, that rule the lyre,
What God, what hero shall inspire,
What mortal man, the warbled song?
Pisa doth to Jove belong;
But Hercules decreed
The bright Olympic meed,
Trophies won in war;
And Theron, for his conquering car,
Shall spread a shout of triumph, far and wide;
True to his friends, the people's pride;
Stay of Agragas, and flower
Of many a noble ancestor:
They, long toils and perils past,
By the river built at last
Their sacred bower; and were an eye
To light the land of Sicily;
And age came on, at fate's decree,
Bringing glad prosperity,
And grace their inbred worth to crown.
But, O Saturnian, Rhea's son,
That o'er Olympus dost preside,
High solemn games and Alpheus' tide,
Auspicious thou, rejoicing in our strains,
For the race that yet remains,
Guard, as now, their fathers' plains.

Nor Time himself, the sire of all,
Can of the past one deed recall,
That hath been done in right or wrong;
Yet happier fortune may succeed,
And bring forgetfulness along;
For lost in joy's ecstatic glow
Expires the vengeful form of woe,
When bliss, by God decreed,
Walks down in lofty majesty below.
Such lot did those of old await,
Seated on thrones of state,
Daughters of Cadmus, by their sufferings tried.
But good superior weighs
A load of sorrow down.
Life of everlasting days,
'Mid immortal powers above,
Hath she, whom smote the thunder-stone,
Semele with streaming tresses;
Of Pallas aye the dear delight;
And most of Father Jove
The dear delight; and of her boy,
He whom clust'ring ivy dresses.
And down in ocean, as they tell,
With the Nereid nymphs, in joy,
Ino doth for ever dwell,
Bright and incorruptible.
Darkness and night, to mortal sight,
The gates of death oppose;
Nor one among us knows,
When he a quiet day,

Child of the sun, with untired good shall close.
But in perpetual ebb and flow,
To man, the various streams of mirth and sorrow go.
So Destiny, that now has brought
This happy old paternal lot,
Turns round at times, and shows again
Some sad reverse of bitter pain,
E'en from that fated hour, when on his road,
By his own son, Laius was met and fell;
Fulfilling Pytho's oracle:
The keen-eyed Fury saw, and slew
The slayer's warlike seed
Themselves in mutual fray;
To Polynices, at his fall,
Only Thersander left of all;
In youthful sports with honor's meed
Crown'd, and in the war-array,
He, for Adrastus' house, a hopeful cion grew:
Whence the noble stem deriving,
Ænesidamus' son requires,
Guerdon of his mighty striving,
Mingled voice of song and lyres.
For in Olympia his the prize;
And with fraternal chariots shared,
Pytho and Isthmian fields award
Twin garlands wreath'd of common victories.
Careful thoughts are cast away,
When a high emprise is won.
Wealth, with virtue's bright array,
Leads the chase of glory on,

Ever apt occasion bringing,
As deep musings prompt the plan;
Far and wide a radiance flinging;
Star, that gilds the path of man.
  But he, on whom it shines, doth know
What shall hereafter come;
That with the dead below
Spirits rebellious take forthwith their doom;
And what is sinful done
In this, Jove's empire, under earth at last
Meets judgment strict from one,
Whose sentence is, by dire compulsion, past.
  Far other lot befals the good;
A life from trouble free;
Nor with laborious hands
To vex the stubborn lands,
Nor beat the billowy sea
For a scant livelihood.
But with the honor'd of the Gods,
Who love the faithful, their abodes:
By day or night the sun quits not their sphere,
Living a dateless age without a tear.
The others urge meanwhile,
Loathsome to sight their endless toil.
But whoso thrice on either side
With firm endurance have been tried,
Keeping the soul exempted still
Through every change from taint of ill,
To the tower of Saturn they
Travel Jove's eternal way.

On that blest isle's enchanted ground,
Airs from ocean breathe around;
Burn the bright immortal flowers,
Some on beds, and some on bowers,
From the branches hanging high;
Some fed by waters where they lie;
Of whose blossoms these do braid
Armlets, and crowns their brows to shade.
Such bliss is their's, assured by just decree
Of Rhadamanth, who doth the judgment share
With Father Saturn, spouse of Rhea, she
Who hath o'er all in heav'n the highest chair.
With them are Peleus, Cadmus number'd,
And he, whom, as in trance he slumber'd,
His mother Thetis wafted there,
Softening the heart of Jove with prayer,
Her own Achilles, that o'erthrew
Hector gigantic column of old Troy,
And valiant Cycnus slew,
And Morning's Æthiop boy.
Beneath mine elbow a full quiver lies
Of fleetest arrows, sounding to the wise;
But for the crowd they need interpreters.
His skill is most, who learns in Nature's school;
All else, expert by rule,
Are none of her's;
Mere tongues in vehement gabble idly heard,
Clamouring, like daws, at Jove's celestial bird.
Now to the mark, my spirit, aim thy bow.
Declare to whom shall go

Our winged shafts in tuneful flight?
Right on to Agragas; and I will swear
A solemn word from soul sincere,
That city, none, though she unroll
A cent'ry past, her radiant scroll,
Hath brought a mortal man to light,
Whose heart with love more genial glows,
Whose hand with larger bounty flows,
Than Theron's. Yet doth Envy raise
Her venom'd breath, encount'ring praise,
Fain with evil's darksome cloud
The lustre of the good to shroud.
But since the sands, by ocean's flow,
Mock number in amount;
The blessings to that man we owe,
Say who shall hope to count?

OLYMPIC III.

To those twin sons of Tyndarus, addrest,
Who love the stranger-guest,
And to bright Helen of the golden hair,
Well pleasing be my prayer;
As in fam'd Agragas I raise
Theron's Olympic Hymn of praise,
Of indefatigable steeds the ornament and flower.
In such a fav'ring power
The Muse beside me stood;
And I, with her, have found
A rare and novel mood,
That to the Doric sandal fitly suits
Of glorious revelry the jocund sound.
Yoked to the manes, the garlands as they twine,
Exact this debt divine;
That for Ænesidamus' son
I should, with fitting skill, combine
Of clanging harp the various tone,
And clamour of shrill flutes,
And apt numbers, mix'd among,
In cadence sweet of measur'd song.
And Pisa too demands of me a shout;
Whence strains celestial flow

To mortals, for whome'er,
With his unerring hand
Fulfilling Hercules' command,
Grecia's Ætolian arbiter
Doth, o'er the eyelids, cast, his locks about,
The cerulean olive band.
From Ister's shadowy founts of yore
Amphitryon's son the trophy bore,
Memorial of Olympia's games;
Which they, who honour Phœbus most,
The Hyperborean host,
Bestow'd, indulgent of his sacred claims.
He, for the thronged plain of Jove,
The shady plant, with generous love,
Implored; to men a common boon,
A wreath for valour's brow.
For on the Father's altar now
Arose the sacrificial flames,
And at her full and month-dividing noon,
Seated in golden chariot, opposite,
The eye of evening lighted up the moon;
And brought at once the five-year's season round
With pure decision of the mighty games,
Where by his steepy banks the hallow'd Alpheus
wound.
No lovely tree imbrown'd
The Cronian glens of Pelops. Seem'd to him
It was a garden bare,
Subservient merely to the sharp sunbeams.

E'en then his mind impell'd him to repair
To Istrian lands: and from the mountains dim
Of Arcady, and many-folding dells,
The huntress daughter of Latona there
Received him; when resistless spells,
At stern Eurystheus' bidding, from his home
Had forced him forth to roam
After that hind with horns of gold,
Which erst Taÿgeta enroll'd
Sacred to Dian; in whose keen pursuit,
That region too befel him to explore,
Behind the breath of Boreas frore.
There fix'd he stood in wonder at the trees.
And sweet desire did seize
Immediate on his soul
To plant them round the goal
Twelve-fold, where coursers speed the flying foot.
Now to our feast behold him come,
Propitious to the rites;
With those fraternal knights,
The deep-zoned Leda's twins; to whom
He, t' Olympus going, gave
Charge of the noble sports to have,
Both for champions in the ring,
And the fleet-paced charioting.
Therefore my mind misdeems;
Or else this glory streams,
To the Emmenidæ and Theron giv'n,
From those steed-loving sons of Tyndarus;
For that the faithful house,

Of mortals most, for them affords
To stranger guests the plenteous boards;
Guarding, with soul devout, each ordinance of heav'n.
If nought with water vies;
If gold of wealth the fairest prize;
Then do Theron's virtues reach
Their utmost bourne, and from his dwelling stretch
Far as those steep Herculean pillars rise.
Wise and unwise, in vain,
May seek a way beyond.
I from that quest refrain.
To urge it, were but fond.

OLYMPIC IV.

O DRIVER of th' unweary-footed thunder, Jove,
(For thine the hours, whose circling round
Has led my harp's still-varying measure,
The victor's glory to resound.
When friends with glad success are crown'd,
The tidings thrill the good with pleasure)
But O great son of Saturn, who above
Th' Ætnean summit holdst thy awful state,
That stormy-burning weight
On the huge hundred-headed Typhon laid,
This revel, our Olympic triumph, take;
Favoring, for the Graces' sake;
A light that shall not fade,
Of virtues eminent.
In Psaumis' car it comes;
Upon whose brow, from Pisa, blooms
The wreath of olive, as he speeds,
On Camarina's glory bent.
God prosper still his high intent.
I praise him; for his stalls,
Are echoing with his care, the noble steeds;
And to the stately halls
All guests are welcome ever;

And his the gentle mind
To city-loving quietude inclin'd,
With a most pure endeavour.
My speech no fiction stains.
Experiment the test,
That proveth mortals best:
E'en this on Lemnian plains,
When jeer'd the female throng,
Did free the son of Clymenus from wrong.
In arms of steel was run the race decreed,
When stretching for the garland, he
Shouted to Hypsipyle:
" Behold me: such for speed;
With hands and heart alike in power.
Oft doth the lock of snow
On youthful forehead grow,
Before the destin'd hour."

OLYMPIC V.

To lofty virtues, due, and many a crown
Won on Olympia's plain,
With joyous heart, O daughter of the main,
Take this sweet flow'r; for his unwearied wain,
The gift of Psaumis; who to honour raising,
Fair Camarina, thy well-peopled town,
Hath set the six twin altars blazing;
And with the blood of kine,
At mighty feasts, bedew'd the sacred shrine,
Amid the five-day games, the fleet mules' speed,
The yoked car and single-reined steed.
For thee, a glorious gift of fame
He offer'd, when the herald's voice
Shouted his father Acron's name,
And bade the new-built towers rejoice.
Returning from the lovely stalls,
Where with Œnomaus young Pelops strove,
With grateful voice, Pallas, on thee he calls,
The city's Guardian; on thy hallow'd grove,
And on the river of Oanus clear,
And on his native lake;
And sacred sluices, that their currents take
From Hipparis, to rear,

As by a charm, upon his margin bright,
A stately forest of compacted domes;
Bringing, from uncouth rudeness into light,
A people's cultured homes.
Of toil and means, profuse, a noble breast
Dares the bold deed that veil'd in peril lies;
And when he prospers, is confest,
E'en by his envying country, wise.
O Saviour Jove, enthron'd in clouds,
On Cronium's topmost summit dwelling,
And honoring most the wide-stream'd floods
Of Alpheus, and the dread Idæan cave;
To thee with softest numbers swelling,
And sound of Lydian flutes, I come; and crave
A blessing on the land;
That thou wouldst deck it gorgeously
With majesty and honour; and for thee,
Olympic Victor, whose delight
Is in thy own Neptunian coursers' flight,
That blithe old age may lead thee to the close;
Then near the bed, thy children, Psaumis, stand.
If there be one, that wisely knows
With fost'ring care the plant to raise
Of bliss entire in mortal days;
Content with wealth, to virtues, due,
And fame that speaks his merits true;
The rest let him to fate resign,
Nor fondly sigh for lot divine.

OLYMPIC VI.

As for a porch on golden pillars rais'd
Before some gorgeous bower,
Afar shall shine our frontispiece emblaz'd:
The work begun doth ask such proud entablature.
If there be one with victory crown'd
On Olympia's holy ground,
In Pisa minister divine
Of Jove at his prophetic shrine,
By famous Syracuse enroll'd
Amid her train of founders old;
What tuneful pæans may the Muse
In homage to that man refuse,
From his unenvying peers?
On glorious foot, such sandal fitted, wears
The son of Sostratus. But peril bides
Not far from honour, mid the haunts of men,
And in the sea-tost vessel's hollow sides.
Grateful Memory still the meed
Of toil intent on noble deed.
For thee, Agesias, then
Such praise reserv'd, as from Adrastus won
Oïleus' prophet son;
His just memorial, when earth's riven womb,
Himself and shining coursers, wrapt in gloom.

In seven rows the piles were heapt,
All ready for the dead,
When some like word to this, in Thebes,
The son of Talaus said:
"I mourn the eye of all our host,
Our light and glory gone,
In battle brave a warrior lost,
And prophet, both in one."
Such tribute doth to him belong,
Who leadeth now our revel song;
The Syracusan lord.
Slow to debate, to quarrel loth,
Yet for his sake a mighty oath
Shall witness to my word;
And every Muse in dulcet strain
Will speak the sacred vow again.
Phintis, the car prepare;
Thy mules be yoked with speed;
That I may mount, and travel there
From whence our heroes trace their seed.
The ready path they know, and best can lead,
Who from Olympian fields the garlands wear
Then ope the gates of song,
And let them pass along
Swiftly the level way;
For we must come betimes to-day,
Fast by Eurotas' ford, to Pitana.
She by Neptune wooed, they say,
Bore to him a daughter fair,
Evadne of the violet hair.

The virgin pang supprest
Was smother'd in her breast;
And in her stated moon, by menials she convey'd
(With charge to nurture her) the infant maid
To him the hero son of Elatus,
Who in Phæsana the Arcadians sway'd,
And his fair dwelling held by Alpheus.
There was she bred, and tasted first the charms
Of Venus in Apollo's arms.
Nor long from Æpytus conceal'd
Her heavenly burden lay.
He with keen wrath yet unreveal'd,
To Pytho sped his way;
Bent, from the oracle, to know
Whose wrong had wrought that grievous woe.
Her crimson'd girdle down was flung,
The silver ewer beside her laid,
Amid a tangled thicket hung
With canopy of brownest shade;
When forth the glorious babe she brought,
His soul instinct with heavenly thought.
Sent by the golden-tressed God,
Near her the Fates indulgent stood
With Ilithyia mild.
One short sweet pang released the child;
And Iamus sprang forth to light.
A wail she utter'd; left him then
Where on the ground he lay;
When straight two dragons came
With eyes of azure flame,

By will divine awaked out of their den;
And with the bees' unharmful venom, they
Fed him; and nursled through the day and night:
The king meanwhile had come,
From stony Pytho driving; and at home
Did of them all, after the boy, inquire,
Born of Evadne; for, he said, the sire
Was Phœbus, and that he
Should of earth's prophets wisest be,
And that his generation should not fail.
Not to have seen or heard him they avouch'd,
Now five days born. But he, on rushes couch'd,
Was cover'd up in that wide brambly maze:
His delicate body wet
With yellow and empurpled rays
From many a violet.
And hence his mother bade him claim
For ever this undying name.
When lovely youth with golden crown
Her fruit to him display'd,
Then into Alpheus went he down,
And to his great forefather pray'd,
Wide-ruling Neptune, and the bowyer God,
Heav'n-founded Delos' ever wakeful Lord;
And at their hands some kingly boon implored,
As under night's dun welkin, bare he stood:
And thus the sure paternal voice by name
Call'd him, and answer'd. "Hither, child!
And to the general region,
Where the sound leads thee, follow on."

So to the Cronian rock they came,
A jealous steep uppil'd.
His father there on him conferr'd
A gift twofold of prophecy;
Both then to hear th' unerring word,
That whisper'd dark futurity;
And, (when arrived that champion bold,
Alcides, sprung of Heroes old,
Should for his sire the thronged feast proclaim
And laws to rule the mighty game),
He bade him on Jove's topmost shrine
Raise his oracle divine.
Since then, through Grecia, far around,
The race of Iamus renown'd.
And wealth ensued: and Virtue's ray
Leads by her shining track their way.
Proof in himself of each. But none escape
Reproachful storms, that burst
From envious lips, when first
Triumphantly they race
The utmost goal around; and gentle Grace
Sheds sweet distilling on their goodly shape.
But if thy mother's old ancestral line
Had of a truth, Agesias, their abodes
Under Cyllene's brow,
Where they unto the herald of the Gods
Did oft his sacrificial rites assign,
Hermes, that holds in pledge the victor's vow,
And doth to Arcady most honour show;

From him and from his sire that rules the thunder,
O son of Sostratus, no wonder
Should all thy blessings flow.
  Seems as my tongue were sharpen'd here
Upon a tuneful hone,
That draws me on, nor loth, allur'd
By the soft shrilling tone.
  I too from far Stymphalian bowers
Derive a mother's line.
For there Metope marks her flowers
In radiant beauty shine.
Of her, equestrian Thebe came,
To whose sweet well my lips I bow,
Weaving my songs of deathless fame
To wreathe the noble warrior's brow
  Now, Æneas, for a warbled strain,
Tuneful as thy band can raise,
In Parthenian Juno's praise.
That utter'd, let them tell
If justly we decline
To own that ancient stain
Breathed from calumnious mouths: "Bœotian swine."
Thou dost the Muses' message well:
Their secret cipher they entrust to thee:
A cup thou art, brimful of their own melody.
  And give them next in charge
Ortygia and the vales of Syracuse,
Where Hiero doth his mild sceptre use,

With soul to justice turn'd, and counsels large.
His to tend with duteous care
Crimson-slipper'd Ceres' shrine;
Feasts of daughter Proserpine,
She, whom snow-white coursers bear;
And of Jove the majesty,
Thron'd on Ætna's summit high.
  Song and harp in answering chime
Blend for him harmonious measures.
Never may the stroke of Time
Approach to spoil his heaped treasures.
Welcome to his presence be
Agesias' throng of revelry,
As from Stymphalian walls they come
And plains of pastoral Arcady;
Seeking their home, yet leaving home.
  'Tis good, in stormy night, to throw
Two anchors out from tilting prow.
God grant, on either side,
They may securely ride.
But thou, dread Ruler of the sea,
With Amphitrite at thy side
A golden-distaff'd bride,
Their course direct, from peril, free;
And keep this flow'r of hymns in bloom for me.

OLYMPIC VII.

LIKE a chalice, all of gold,
With the vine-dew bubbling o'er,
That one at wedding feast doth hold,
Costliest treasure of his store;
First quaffs to him, above the rest,
Whom his daughter's love has blest;
From home to home, then gives, to bear
The envied present rich and rare:
So I, the Muses' nectar shedding,
To conquerors deal the draught divine,
Whose brow, with garlands amply spreading,
Pytho and Olympia twine.
Blest the sound of virtuous fame;
Grace, that visits here and there,
With a life-infusing cheer,
Few select of nobler name,
Leading her minstrel train along,
Sweet harp and lutes of voiceful song.
And now my strain, with either blended,
Hath for Diagoras begun;
Hymning that sea-nymph descended
Of Venus; wedded to the Sun;
Rhodos, swift in battle-field;
That I due meed of praise may yield

To our huge champion, foremost in the ring,
Near Alpheus crown'd, and by Castalia's spring:
And to his father, Damagetus, dear
To Justice; who, in their three-citied isle,
By the prow of Asia's land,
Inhabit with their Argive band.
For them devote, a common toil,
Will I the tuneful fabric rear.
First Tlepolemus proclaiming,
Let the' Herculean race be sung,
From Jove paternal lineage claiming;
Their mother's, from Amyntor, sprung;
For there Astydameia's name
Shines on the sacred list of fame.
But errors numberless involve,
Perplex'd, the minds of men;
Nor one can this resolve,
What now and at the end is best to gain.
And such the chance, whenas in fatal hour,
At Tiryns, issuing forth from Midea's bower,
The base-born brother of Alcmena fell,
Licymnius; whom with wilding olive wand
The founder of this land,
Smiting, slew in ireful mood;
(For sudden fit of anger fell
Hath the wise man's heart subdued.)
Apollo soon he sought, and prayed
Of his oracle the aid,
From whose incense-breathing shrine
Came forth a warning word divine,

The golden-tressed God's command;
That he should hoist from Lerna's shore
To the sea-girt region o'er,
Where Jove on mortal towers below
Erst shed his flakes of golden snow;
When Vulcan's steely axe, with forceful art,
Riving the Father's topmost brow apart,
Upward with monstrous shout Minerva sprang,
And Heaven and Mother Earth in shudd'ring horror rang.

Hyperion's son, dispensing light,
Had then enjoin'd his children dear,
Heedful to watch with holy rite,
What time the Goddess should appear;
So from their altar first may rise
The far seen pomp of sacrifice,
Gladd'ning the ruler of the skies,
And her who shakes the raging spear.

Worth and joy to those betide,
Who Promethean laws revere;
But comes athwart some reckless cloud,
That doth the light of reason shroud,
And draws from onward paths aside.

For, going up, they did not bear
A seed of blazing fire;
And so with flameless altar there
They bade the fane aspire.
Yet Jove an amber mist drew o'er,
And rain'd down gold upon their shore;
And, more than human art had wrought,
Herself the blue-eyed maiden taught

Their hands to work, with matchless skill,
Whatever thought conceived, at will;
And every way, with labours, teem'd,
That alive and moving seem'd:
A flood of glory. Void of art,
Genius to greatness lifts the heart.
  Still, as ancient legends say,
Amid the depths of ocean lay
The wondrous island unreveal'd;
What time the sovran Father held
Council with the Gods to share
Earth and all her regions fair.
Each had his portion. But not one
Bethought him of the absent Sun,
For whose chaste power, in sooth forgot,
No land remain'd to own his lot.
Recall'd to mind, high Jove would fain
Have cast the chances o'er again.
But he allow'd not. For his ken,
He said, amid the silvery surge,
Had mark'd an islet land emerge,
Waxing from the lowest main;
Kindly for flocks and foodful grain.
And straight to seal the portion his,
Golden-tired Lachesis
He bade her hands to heav'n uprear,
And a faithful vow to swear,
The mighty oath of every God,
Confirm'd by Jove's imperial nod;
That soon as full disclosed to air,
Henceforth he should that region share:

Truth crown'd the words; the island bloom'd
From the moist sea, by him assum'd,
Of heaven's sharp rays authentic sire,
Lord of the coursers breathing fire.
There wooed he Rhodos; and were born
Seven sons from that embrace,
Whom subtle skill did most adorn
Of all the antique race.
From one a band of brothers rose
Their father's lot to claim;
And each his own division chose,
That bore the ruler's name;
Camirus, Lindus, and the first
Ialysus of these.
Here, from the piteous woe it nurst,
A charm his soul to ease,
Doth that Tirynthian prince, await,
Tlepolemus renown'd;
As for a God, in solemn state,
The bleating victims bound,
And games, whereat his righteous doom
The conqueror decrees.
Hence with bright flow'rs Diagoras hath crown'd
His temples twice; and from fam'd Isthmus' shore,
Four times a meed he bore;
And oft from Nemea's shaggy gloom,
And where her cliffs the stony Athens rears.
In Argos his the brazen shield;
All, Arcady supplies;
Or Thebes, and lists Bœotian yield;

The victor's rightful prize.
Pellene and Ægina own
Six times his conquering day;
Nor less the pillar's sculptured stone
Records at Megara.
But thou, O Father Jove, that from the height
Of Atabyrius, dost survey
Thy subject realm, receive the wonted lay;
With this our champion in the hardy fight
Of Elis, who hath borne the wreath away.
At home, abroad, whate'er the place,
Endue him with an awful grace;
Who knows his steady course to go,
Of proud insulting wrong the foe;
For well he guards with upright thought,
The lore his virtuous fathers taught.
Nor pass the glorious seed unsung,
That from Callianax hath sprung.
And even now with festive glee,
Gift of the good Eratidæ,
The joyous city glows.
For brief the moment, that decides
Of rushing gales th' uncertain tides;
And on the tempest blows.

OLYMPIC VIII.

O MOTHER of the golden-crowned games,
Mistress of truth, Olympia, at whose shrines,
When the burnt victim flames;
For omens searching, many a seer divines
The secret purpose of swift-light'ning Jove;
If aught he hath oracular to speak,
Concerning those who seek
Great virtue for the soul, and, after toil, repose:
And still the prayers of pious mind,
In grace, requital find.
But thee I call, O beauteous Pisan grove,
Stretching thine arms where Alpheus flows:
Our pomp receive; this festive throng,
With garniture of wreaths, and song.
Him renown unfading waits,
Whoe'er has won thy noble meed.
To many mortals, many blessings given;
And various are the paths that lead
To fortune, with the powers of heaven.
But you, Timosthenes, your fates
Did, each, to natal Jove assign;
Glory he made in Nemea thine;

Reserving for Alcimedon,
At Saturn's cliff th' Olympic crown.
Lovely was he to look upon;
And not, by deeds, his beauty shaming,
Triumph 'mid the wrestlers bore;
Ægina's land his home, proclaiming,
Skill'd to stretch the level oar.
In her, all mortal tribes above,
Is guardian Themis honour'd, she, who sits
Assessor of the hospitable Jove.
(No easy task to judge what most befits,
And with right mind discriminate,
In that which of itself is great,
And many ways diverging, breeds debate.)
For, this sea-fenced region, some decree
Of the immortal Gods ordain'd,
For stranger-guests of every clime,
A heavenly column, (ne'er may time
Weary of such labour be!)
By Dorian race, since Æacus, maintain'd:
Him their fellow-workman chose
Wide-ruling Neptune and Latona's son,
About to crown the wall of Ilion;
For that it fated was, when wars arose,
In city-wasting battles to outbreathe
Of lurid smoke a murky wreath.
On to the new-built turret roll'd
Dragons three, their scaly fold;
Glaring with azure eye aloof,
Leapt they to the topmost roof:

Two fell; and crush'd and writhing there
Resign'd their rueful breath in air;
The other, uttering shrill a clang,
At once within the fortress sprang.
Apollo turn'd the sign in thought,
And told forthwith the doom decreed.
"Hero, where thy hands have wrought,
Troy is taken: (so I read
Of thund'rer Jove the prodigy:)
Not without children born of thee:
But in the first and fourth, the equal lot shall be."
He said; then on to Xanthus drove in speed,
And those, who love the steed,
The Amazonian bands; and Ister's flood.
Nor to the marine Isthmus, with less haste,
The trident-wielder pass'd,
In fleeting chariot; (hither had he sent,
On golden coursers, Æacus away;)
And to the neck of Corinth, with intent
A famous banquet to survey,
That ready for his welcome stood.
In earth delightful thing is none,
That joy in all shall raise.
If for Milesias I have run
Back in my song, to sound his praise
Before his youthful beard was grown;
Let envy with her craggy stone,
Spare to smite me. For my lays
Alike shall tell this Nemean prize,
And in the after field his manly victories.

He teacheth best, who knoweth best;
'Tis senseless not t' have learnt before,
For weakness dwells with ignorance.
Than this man, none to others, more
May point the ways shall most advance
That mortal in his noble quest,
Whoever, from the hallow'd games,
The wished meed of honour claims.
And triumphs now for him, three hundred, ending,
Alcimedon he sees the garland earn;
Valour, who, with fortune blending,
Made four striplings home return
A hateful road, with faltering tongue,
And feet that shunn'd the gazing throng.
The grandsire mark'd meantime with joy,
The conquest of his fav'rite boy;
And felt his strength a spirit raise,
That wrestles with declining days.
In sunshine of prosperity,
Contented man forgets to die.
But me behoves with backward glance
To waken memory from her trance;
And, for the Blepsiadæ, prolong
Triumphal note of votive song,
Flower, which this sixth crown demands,
Guerdon of their conquering hands.
E'en to the dead some lot pertains,
In what is acted here.

Nor hidden in the dust remains
The grace of kindred dear.
When Iphion hears the herald voice
Of Hermes' daughter sound,
He to Callimachus perchance
May spread the tidings round;
And tell of wreaths Olympia twines,
And Jove to deck their race designs.
Of such glorious deeds with more
May his pleasure heap the store,
Averting the distressful train
Of sharp diseases; and restrain
Dire reverse of Nemesis
To violate their noble bliss;
But with a life unharm'd, in peace,
Themselves and city aye increase.

OLYMPIC IX.

Archilochus his wonted strain,
For jocund victory, thrice
Shouted on Olympia's plain,
The revel band might well suffice
Of Epharmostus and his lov'd compeers;
Where Cronium's cliff his summit rears.
  Now from the Muses' quiver'd hoard,
A flight of far-wing'd shafts be pour'd
Both for the crimson levin's lord,
And Elis' awful promontory,
That erst, to Lydian Pelops, brought
Hippodameia's beauteous dowry.
To Pytho too let a sweet arrow spring.
No groveling themes demand thy lays
For him that mid the wrestlers fought;
Plying thy tuneful string
In his, and Opus his famed mother's praise;
Whom Themis holds in fee,
And her protecting child all-glorious Eunomee.
  Nor less her honour blooms
By Castaly, and Alpheus' flood,
Whence many a garland comes,
Of close-inwoven flowers,
To deck the Locrians' natal bowers,

Hung mid their circling pomp of wood.
And I, the flame of song, upraising,
Throughout the loved city, blazing,
Swifter than noble steed,
Or winged bark, will speed
These tidings to all climes abroad;
If but with aught of fate to friend,
The Graces' garden choice I tend:
For each delightful thing below
Doth from their sacred influence flow;
And wise and brave derive their strength from God.
How else against the trident's might
Had Hercules maintain'd the fight,
Wielding his gnarled mace in hand;
When Neptune urging stood
Upon the Pylian strand;
And Phœbus urged with silver bow;
Nor Dis unshaken held his wand,
Wherewith along their hollow road
He leads the dead below?
From sounds like these, O tongue, refrain;
For hateful is the poet's strain,
That dares the heavenly powers profane;
And boastful words at random thrown,
But echo back the madman's tone.
Thy babbling cease; and shun to tell
All strife that mid the Gods befel.
Behoves thee now with fitter tale
Protogenēa's turrets hail.

There, by Jove the lightener, led,
Descending from Parnassus' head,
Pyrrha with Deucalion rear'd
A mansion first; and straight appear'd,
Without the bed, their race of stone;
Hence by like name through Grecia known.
To these, the trackless air along,
Waft thy shrill career of song.
Generous wine for age we praise;
Fresh be the flow'rs that deck our lays.
('Tis said a might of waters roll'd
Came deluging the sable mould,
Then sudden at Jove's hest again
Sank absorb'd the swilling main.)
From them your steel-clad sires of old,
Of Japhet's stock the striplings bold;
Sprung of progeny divine,
Bright daughters of Saturnian line;
From age to age delivering down
The honours of their regal crown.
Ere this, th' Olympian lord convey'd
In quiet flight a lovely maid,
Child of Opus. Rapt away
From Epeus' fields, with her he lay
Mid those Mænalian summits hoar;
Then to her spoused Locrus bore;
Lest time should seal his mortal date,
A childless old man desolate.
A mighty seed she brought. With joy
The hero mark'd his feigned boy;

And from his mother's sire did call
Thenceforth his lordly name;
A man in deeds surpassing all,
And in his godlike frame;
Then gave, subjected to his reign,
The state and people's wide domain.
And many a stranger flock'd to him
From Argos and from Thebes,
And from Arcadia's mountains dim,
And from the Pisan glebes.
But most of all he honour'd one,
Actor and Ægina's son,
Menœtius; of whom sprung the boy,
That with th' Atridæ sail'd to Mysian plains for
Troy;
And near Achilles, side by side,
Telephus alone defied,
When, turn'd in flight his Grecian foes,
He rush'd to storm their sea-beat prows.
Proof to the wise, the struggle show'd,
How fierce Patroclus' spirit glow'd;
And warn'd by peril of the fray,
The son of Thetis bade him ne'er
Be ranged in battle's hot array,
But next his own death-doing spear.
In the Muses' car ascending,
Fain would I travel Fancy's plains;
Courage at my side attending,
With Power that shifts the glancing reins.

But worth and friendship more invite
My verse to pay the votive rite
For bright crowns, on Isthmian mead,
To Lampromachus, decreed;
When both, upon one self-same day,
Bore the envied prize away;
And twice beside, the victor's pride
At Corinth gates befel,
With those, by Epharmostus, won
In Nemea's shady dell:
At Argos a triumphant man,
In Athens who a boy began.
And when his cheeks were stript of down,
How well he strove at Marathon!
How from his elder rivals bore,
The silver goblets' ample store!
As by quick slight he saw them all,
Himself unshaken, round him fall;
How loud the deaf'ning clamour rais'd
When through the ring he cross'd;
Alike for grace and beauty praised,
For beauteous deeds the most!
Nor less, to that Parrhasian crowd,
A mark for wonder he,
When to Lycæan Jove they vow'd
The high solemnity;
Nor when Pellene bade him bear
Her fleecy cure for winter's air.
For him, a witness, Glory yields
At Iolaus' tomb;

For him, where Eleusinian fields
Throw back the ocean foam.
  All best is nature's prompting; many a one,
Perfect in schools, hath panted for renown;
But without God if aught be done,
The work were not ill past in silence by.
  Of divers ways, some easier to tread;
Nor one pursuit shall all to honour lead;
And paths by Genius climb'd are difficult and high.
  Bear then the destin'd meed;
And in bold notes of triumph, sound
The man divinely sprung;
Of ready hand, and nerves to vigour strung,
And looks that valour breathe;
Who at the feast, with victory's wreath,
The altar of Oïlean Ajax crown'd.

OLYMPIC X.

READ in my heart a name that written lies;
'Tis his, that won th' Olympic prize;
'Tis of Archestratus the son;
A creditor, to whom I owed
The tribute of a tuneful ode,
Yet past it in oblivion.
O Muse! and Truth, thou child of Jove!
Bear witness, 'twas no want of love
Towards one, a guest and friend.
If falsehood's tongue impute the blame,
Do ye, with righteous arm, my fame
From obloquy defend.
Time tells me of the debt incurr'd,
Ashamed I have so long deferr'd
To clear that deep amount;
But usury, with large increase,
Bidding invidious murmurs cease,
Shall cancel the account.
Lo! where the wave, in backward race,
Doth to the beach the pebbles chase.
Lo! where shall flow the grateful lay,
And by a general quittance pay.
Amid the Locrians' western band,
The dwellers in his native land,

Sincerity presides.
To them, Calliope is dear,
And he, who turns with brazen spear
The battle's stormy tides.
  Cycnus awhile could put to flight,
In conflict fierce, Herculean might:
And that a rival's blows
Were vanquish'd on Olympic strands,
To Ilas, who confirm'd his hands,
Agesidamus owes.
Patroclus not indebted more
To Thetis' son on Ilium's shore.
A soul, with native worth inspir'd,
May by another's zeal be fir'd
To glory's noblest height;
If God befriend. But few have seen,
By toil unearn'd that joy serene,
Which is of life the light.
  And now for lists divine,
The statutes of high Jove our song demand;
Which fast by Pelops' ancient shrine
Alcides did ordain,
When he Neptunian Cteatus had slain
And Eurytus; so best to gain
His hire exacted at proud Augeas' hand.
Beneath Cleonæ's glades he lay
In ambush couch'd; and on their way
O'ercame them: such his vengeance ta'en
For his Tirynthian army slain,
At Elis, from suspicion free,
By those false sons of Molione.

Nor long ere he, th' Epean lord,
Deceiver of his guests abhorr'd,
Beheld his town, with treasure stor'd,
Mid solid fire and strokes of steel,
Foundering, in her ruins, reel;
(So hard with stronger foes to deal:)
And last himself, a captive led,
Bow'd, in rueful end, his head.
Meanwhile the conquering son of Jove,
His forces all and booty, drove
To Pisa, where he forth did mete,
For his great sire, the hallow'd grove;
Then set apart the choice retreat
Appointed for his favourite seat;
And in a circle did enring
Selected space for banqueting;
With honour due to Alpheus' ford,
And those twelve kingly powers adored;
And bade the mount thenceforward claim
The glory of the Cronian name;
(Untitled, since Œnomaus rose,
It welter'd in the wintry snows).
The Fates stood by th' initial rite;
And Time, that bringeth truth to light;
Who, as he onward took his flight,
Told, where of war the victims bled;
And how the five years' feast was spred,
In that first Olympic ring,
And the glad victor's offering.
The recent crown, to whom decreed,
By hands, or feet, or chariots' speed,

Winning for themselves renown;
Vaunted rivals casting down?
Running the racer's level way,
Œonus bore the prize away,
Licymnius' son; from Midea's land,
Forth he led his faithful band.
Chief of wrestlers, Tegea claim'd
Her Echemus. Nor he, less famed,
Tirynthian Doryclus, for might
In the boxer's sturdy fight.
Triumph'd, with his four-yoked steeds,
Semus, from Mantinea's meads.
By Phrastor aim'd, the javelin flew
Right to his mark. Eniceus threw,
Over all, with skill adroit,
In measur'd length, the massy quoit,
Wheeling it in his hand about;
Loud, his thronging fellows' shout,
O'er evening, kindled lovely light,
From the moon with visage bright:
And all, amid the festal cheer,
The temple rang with anthems clear.
And even now our minstrel strain
That ancient usage shall retain;
And, as the conquest we record,
Shall hymn the heav'n's eternal Lord,
In red right hand his thunder clasp'd;
The lightning bolt in triumph grasp'd;
And the roar that shakes his halls,
When the white-wing'd levin falls.
Temp'ring our lay, the oaten flute

Softly shall the numbers suit;
As comes at last, expected long,
From Dirce's glorious fount, the song.
  Dear to a father's longing sight,
The new-born heir, that springs to light,
When now his days are near the wane;
New transports warm his ebbing vein:
For wealth, that seeks a stranger lord,
Is by the dying man abhorr'd.
And he who wins the fairest meed,
Agesidamus, if he need
A tuneful verse his name to save,
Goes down, forgotten, to his grave;
Brief his delight, his labour vain.
  For thee, a votive strain,
The warbling harp and dulcet pipe combine.
Far and wide the glory rays
From those Pierian maids divine.
  Thus my noble theme pursuing,
The Locrian land with honey dewing,
Duteous zeal hath led me on,
Archestratus, thy noble son,
To deck with ample folds of praise.
I saw the prowess of his earlier days,
Near Jove's Olympian shrine;
I mark'd his form divine,
In the sweet hour of prime at least,
When such a grace his limbs o'erspread,
As his, from that untimely doom releas'd,
By Cytherea's will, the youthful Ganymede.

OLYMPIC XI.

Oft is there use of winds that loud
Are whistling o'er the plains;
And oft of heav'n-descending rains,
Daughters of the stormy cloud.
But most the voice of choral hymns
Befits the dint of wearied limbs,
When the hard strife is won.
For many a lip repeats the rhymes;
A pledge fast sworn to future times
For deeds of valour done.
Such honour lies, in amplest store,
For champions on th' Olympic shore.
Fain would our tongue, the bounteous meed,
With new access of glory, feed.
But only God the wisdom gives,
That blooms in human heart and lives.
Yet now be sure, thou noble child
Of Archestratus renown'd,
Agesidamus, I will sound
For thee a lovely lay compiled
To grace thy golden olive crown,
Guerdon of victorious hands.
Nor pass unprais'd thy Locrian's western bands.

Thither lead the revel on,
Muses; I vouch ye will not see
A race that bid the stranger flee,
Or fail of nicer courtesy;
In gentle arts alike refined,
And strong to stem the battle-field:
The fox may not forego his kind,
Nor tawny lions learn to yield.

OLYMPIC XII.

CHILD of Eleutherian Jove,
Saviour Fortune, hear me pray
For thy potent Himera.
  Rul'd by thee, o'er billows rove
Swift vessels; and on land
Are vehement wars begun,
And counsels sagely plann'd.
  Meantime with vain turmoil,
The hopes of mortals toil,
Tost to and fro in wild uncertainty:
And none could ever sure conjecture find,
By mark from God assign'd,
What shall hereafter be;
But of the future wisest thoughts are blind.
And oft hath man, in view of bliss,
Been doom'd his destin'd aim to miss;
And he who strain'd through wintry seas,
In one short moment swum at ease.
  Son of Philanor, thou be sure had'st found,
By thy paternal hearth,
(Like Mars's bird in narrow room),
The honour of thy youthful bloom,
That foot, amid the swift, renown'd,
Fall with'ring to the ground;

If Faction had not forced thee roam
To distance from thy Gnossian home.
But in Olympia now,
The wreath has deck'd thy brow,
With two from Pytho, and an Isthmian crown.
And thou to worthy praise,
Ergoteles, dost raise
The Nymphs' warm fountains, welling forth
In fields henceforth thine own.

OLYMPIC XIII.

PRAISING those who thrice have been
With Olympia's garland blest,
Kind to a fellow-citizen,
But servants to a stranger guest;
My song to Neptune's portal I direct,
Fair Corinth with her band in youthful beauty deck'd.
Here of cities the support,
Bright Eunomia hath her court,
With two golden sisters more,
Whom the wizard Themis bore,
Justice firm and gentle Peace;
They to mortals, still, increase
Of treasures unreproved, dispense;
But drive far off swill'd Insolence,
Talking high in braggart mood;
With Surfeit, her uncomely brood.
Fair things have I to say;
And honest boldness prompts the lay:
Our native wont is hard to hide.
Sons of Aletes, oft for you, the Hours,
Bosom'd in rosy flowers,
Have shed triumphal joy in listed field
And games divine, the victor's pride;

Oft, to hearts of men, unfolded
Devices quaint, in antique image moulded.
Still to th' inventor every work belongs.
  Who, for Bacchus, first reveal'd
Th' enthusiast heat of dithyrambic songs?
Who bade, with measured rein,
Control the courser's flight?
Or on the Gods' majestic fane,
The two-fold king of birds alight?
Nor lacks the Muse's breathing strain;
Nor Mars, with raging spear, to arm the youthly knight.
  O sovran Jove, Olympia's lord,
Eternal Father, from no sparing hand,
Be, to our vows, thy bounty pour'd;
And through all time this favor'd land
Guarding harmless, speed right on
The genial gale of Xenophon.
For him accept our choir, that leads
The pomp of crowns from Pisa's meads,
In the five-fold contest ta'en,
At once, and in the race.
Ne'er hath mortal man the grace
Of like glory won before.
And garlands twain, on Isthmian plain,
His brows have shaded o'er;
Nor Nemea disagrees.
  To Thessalus, his father, Alpheus sees,
Near his floods, the glorious meed,
For fleetest foot decreed:

And Pytho keeps his name, that won
Both courses in a single sun.
In one same month, a swift-foot day,
Thrice, in craggy Athens, set
About his locks the coronet;
And sev'n times there, th' Hellotian trophy lay.
Joys completer, songs divine,
His father Pteodorus knew;
Where Neptune, near his hoary brine,
Receiveth honour due.
How oft the chaplet did ye bear
At Delphi and the lion's lair!
I challenge many to amount
Of the victories, ye boast.
In sooth I should not know to count
Pebbles on the ocean coast.
Nought there is but hath his measure:
Time and wisdom mark the bounds.
Freighted I with common treasure,
May not stint a tale, that sounds
Of Corinth and her sons of old,
In counsel sage, in battle bold;
Of Sisyphus, with hands that wrought
Beyond the reach of mortal thought;
And of the mystic maid, who braved
Her father's anger, when she knew
To choose herself a spouse, and saved
Argo and the warrior crew:
And such their might on either side
Upon the Dardan shore,

They seem'd of war to rule the tide;
These eager to restore
For Atreus' sons the Spartan dame,
Those the banded foe repelling;
When he, with Lycia's troops, who came,
Glaucus the Danai did with terror tame.
Boastful to them his father's dwelling
In Pirene's walls he told,
His mighty wealth, his empire old,
And all he suffer'd, ere he flung
About that horse at Hippocrene
From the snake-visaged Gorgon sprung,
The rein with golden trappings sheen,
Which Pallas in his dream did bring,
(Waking he found it certainty).
"And dost thou sleep," she cried, "O King?
This spell steed-taming give I thee.
A milk-white bull the victim slay;
And to thy sire the gift display."
As he in darkness slept,
Thus, to his sight reveal'd,
Waving her azure shield,
The Virgin seem'd to say.
Straight on his feet he leapt;
The wonder seiz'd, that near him lay;
Then sought in haste the prophet of the land;
And to the son of Cœranus disclosed,
How he, at his divine command,
That night, beside the Goddess' shrine reposed;
And how of Thunderer Jove the daughter brought
The gold with strong enchantment wrought.

Him the priest enjoin'd with speed
To give the sacred vision heed;
And when the beast to Neptune slain
Had spurn'd, with solid hoof, the plain,
Forthwith an altar high to raise
For Pallas, who the courser sways.
Beyond what oaths would vouch for true,
And hope no longer dare pursue,
The power of Gods can lightly do.
Straight to the winged steed rush'd on,
With sturdy step, Bellerophon;
And seizing, to his cheek applied
The charm that sooth'd his swelling pride.
Them soon the azure depths enfold
Of ether waste and cold;
Whence leveling his aim,
The Amazonian crew,
And Chimæra breathing flame,
And the Solymi he slew.
His final doom in silence past
Shall be by me conceal'd.
The ancient stalls of Jove at last
The courser, in Olympus, held.
But I must stay this whirling flight
Of arrows from my vent'rous hand,
That tends not to the mark aright:
Since I, obedient to command
Of the throned Muses, came
To Oligæthus' race, who claim
Service of a tuneful lay,
For Isthmus and for Nemea.

Pent in brief bound'ry of my song,
Their swarm of victories shall throng.
Full sixty times, (my plighted word
Confirms the wonder true)
The herald's voice, on each side heard,
In thrilling accents flew.
Their conquests in Olympia told,
Yet still we look for more;
And give in charge to Jove and Mars,
To quit the mighty score.
The issue rests with power divine
And the great genius of their line.
How often masters of their vow
Upon Parnassus' steepy brow;
At Sicyon, Thebes, and Megara,
In Argos, and Arcadia,
How oft; the kingly shrine shall best,
Of Lycæan Jove, attest;
Eleusis, and those shades that be
Sacred to th' Æacidæ;
Pellene, and famed Marathon,
Eubœa, with each tow'red town
Under Ætna's lofty crest.
If thou fain would'st scan the rest,
Numberless they stretch around
To Hellene's utmost bound.
Grant them, Jove, their labours o'er,
With light foot to spring ashore;
Crowning all with fortune fair,
And temp'rate soul their lot to bear.

OLYMPIC XIV.

O YE, ordain'd by lot to dwell
Where Cephisian waters well;
And hold your fair retreat
Mid herd of coursers beautiful and fleet:
Renowned Queens, that take your rest
In Orchomenus the blest,
Guarding with ever-wakeful eye,
The Minyans' high-born progeny;
To you my votive strains belong:
List, Graces, to your suppliant's song.
For all delightful things below,
All sweet, to you, their being owe;
And at your hand, their blessings, share
The wise, the splendid, and the fair.
Nor without the holy Graces,
The Gods, in those supernal places,
Their dances or their banquets, rule:
Dispensers they of all above
Throughout the glorious court of Jove;
Where each has placed her sacred stool
By the golden-bow'd Apollo,
Whom in his harpings clear they follow;
And the high majestic state
Of their eternal Father venerate.

Daughters of heav'n; Aglaia, thou
Darting splendours from thy brow;
With musical Euphrosyne;
Be present. Nor less call I thee,
Tuneful Thalia, to look down
On this joyous rout, and own
Me their bard, who lead along,
For Asopichus, the throng
Tripping light to Lydian song;
And Minya for thy sake proclaim
Conqueress in th' Olympic game.
Waft, Echo, now, thy wing divine
To the black dome of Proserpine;
And marking Cleodamus there,
Tell the glad tidings; how his son,
For him, hath crown'd his youthful hair
With plumes in Pisa's valley won.

PYTHIAN I.

O Thou, whom Phœbus and the quire
Of violet-tressed Muses own,
Their joint treasure, golden Lyre,
Ruling step with warbled tone,
Prelude sweet to festive pleasures;
Minstrels hail thy sprightly measures;
Soon as shook from quivering strings,
Leading the choral bands, thy loud preamble rings.
In thy mazes, steep'd, expire
Bolts of ever flowing fire.
Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
Possest by thy enchanting numbers;
On either side, his rapid wing,
Drops, entranc'd, the feather'd king;
Black vapour o'er his curved head,
Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed;
Upheaving his moist back he lies,
Held down with thrilling harmonies.
Mars the rough lance has laid apart,
And yields to song his stormy heart.
No God but of his mood disarm'd,
Is with thy tuneful weapons charm'd;
Soon as Latona's sapient son
And deep-zoned Muses have their lays begun.

But whomsoever Jove
Hath look'd on without love,
Are anguish'd when they hear the voiceful sound;
Whether on land they be,
Or in the raging sea;
With him, outstretch'd on dread Tartarian bound,
Hundred-headed Typhon; erst
In fam'd Cilicia's cavern nurst;
Foe of the Gods; whose shaggy breast,
By Cuma's sea-beat mound, is prest;
Pent by plains of Sicily,
And that snow'd pillar heavenly high,
Ætna, nurse of ceaseless frost;
From whose cavern'd depths aspire,
In purest folds upwreathing, tost,
Fountains of approachless fire.
By day, a flood of smouldering smoke,
With sullen gleam, the torrents pour;
But in darkness, many a rock,
Crimson flame, along the shore,
Hurls to the deep with deaf'ning roar.
From that worm, aloft are thrown,
The wells of Vulcan, full of fear;
A marvel strange to look upon;
And, for the passing mariner,
As marvelous to hear;
How Ætna's tops with umbrage black,
And soil, do hold him bound;
And by that pallet, all his back
Is scored with many a wound.

Thy pleasure, Jove, oh be thy pleasure done:
Who dost this mount command,
Forehead of fruitful land,
Whence her illustrious founder hath surnam'd
The neighbour city, whom in Pytho's ring
The herald, late, proclaim'd
For Hiero, in his chariots, triumphing.
By sailors, when they quit the coast,
At loosing, it is prized the most,
If speeding gale should come;
For so, with fortune to their friend,
Alike they augur, in the end,
A better voyage home:
And on such auspices we found
Opinion, that no less renown'd
She still shall be, as time succeeds;
Her garlands bright, her conquering steeds,
Ordain'd, in frequent song, the prize
Mid feasts and high solemnities.
O Lycian, thou who art in Delos king;
Apollo; and dost love the spring
Of Castaly, outrilling
From the Parnassian steep;
May'st thou be ever willing,
This, in thy thought to keep,
And the fair region, in her people, blest.
For of the Gods, whate'er is best
In mortal virtues; all the wise are sprung,
And all the stout in hand, and eloquent in tongue.

Intent this man to praise,
I trust to whirl my javelin brazen-tipt
Not out of limit, yet that all who raise
A rival arm, shall be by far outstript.
So may time, still heaping more,
His blissful measure fill;
Directing, with increase of store,
Forgetfulness of ill.
He surely may recal to thought
In what wars he hath defied,
(His soul with patient courage fraught)
The fierce encounter, when they glory found,
Such as in Hellenian ground,
By help divine, none culls beside;
Riches, with proud honour, crown'd.
Now Philoctetes' guise pursuing,
He hath the soldier play'd.
A mighty one in need came wooing,
And lured him to his aid;
And from the Lemnian isle, they say,
Where long with ulcer vex'd he lay,
Godlike heroes bore away
The bowyer son of Pæan, who destroy'd
The town of Priam, and for Grecia's host
Their labour ended: weak in frame he went;
But fate had will'd th' event.
E'en so may God for Hiero decree,
That what in after time he covets most,
Shall be by apt occasion still enjoy'd.
Muse, I would next a strain from thee,

Warbled to Dinomenes;
Reward for chariots won.
Not alien to a son,
His father's victories.
  Come, for the King of Ætna let us find
A song to take his charmed mind.
For him arose, at Hiero's command,
Those stately walls in freedom plann'd;
The model built by hands divine,
The rule outstretch'd by Hyllus' line.
  And aye Ægimius' Dorian laws
Are duly kept by each, who draws
His lineage, or from Pamphilus,
Or th' Heraclidæ; they who bide
Near banks of steep Taÿgetus,
And to Amyclæ, from the side
Of Pindus issuing, came; and neighbours were
Right glorious to those twins of Tyndarus,
Whose fame did flourish for their warlike spear.
Grant, Jove, a lot like their's,
To dwellers by the wave of Amena,
Both citizens and kings;
Certain as true report from mortals brings.
With thee to guide his wakeful cares,
His realm in quiet may the ruler sway;
And turning them to love,
Honour the people; bid his son obey.
Hear, O Saturnian; thou my prayer approve.
Undisturb'd at home let dwell
Phœnicia's band; nor more rebel

The tumult of Tyrrhenian crew,
Marking what shameful rout o'erthrew
Their groaning ships on Cuma's shore,
And all in that defeat they bore,
(As swift his victor navy flew)
From Syracusa's lord;
Who dash'd their youth into the sea,
Setting the land of Grecia free
From servitude abhorr'd.
At Salamis I claim of right
A grace for Athens; and will tell,
Before Cithæron, Sparta's fight,
Where with bent bows the Medians fell.
On Himera's well-water'd coast,
For sons of brave Dinomenes,
The hymn, by valour earn'd, shall boast
What fears their fallen foemen seize.
If any speak in season due,
And ravel up into a few
His many ends combin'd;
Censorious blame attends him less.
Prolix and wearisome excess
Will dull a nimble mind;
And neighbours' ears in secret pine
At blessings that in others shine.
But thou no less (for better far
Envy than pity be our share)
Each noble aim pursue.
With rudder just thy people guide;
And steel thy tongue, however tried,
On anvil firm and true.

Aught but from thee at random thrown,
As somewhat great, abroad is blown.
To many thou dividest sway;
And many mark thee, either way,
Thy faithful witnesses.
  Still hold thy bloom of bravery on;
No cost, no labour be foregone
To feed this proud excess.
If aught, O friend, to thee be dear
The pleasant sound, that greets thine ear;
Like some bold helmsman, spreading strain
Thy wind-swept canvas; and disdain
The flatt'ring wiles of meaner gain.
  At close of glory's boastful day,
Sure as the mighty pass away,
To point their lives, alone remain
Recording tale and poet's strain.
Fades not the worth of Crœsus mild:
But Phalaris, with blood defil'd,
His brazen bull, his torturing flame,
Hand o'er alike to evil fame
In every clime. No tuneful string,
No voice, that makes the rafters ring,
Receive his name, in hall or bower,
When youth and joyance wing the hour.
  First prize to mortals, good success;
Next portion, good renown:
Whomever both conspire to bless,
He wins the highest crown.

PYTHIAN II.

O Thou, who sitt'st in tow'red state,
Proud Syracusa, shrine
Of Mars that loveth war's debate;
Of steel-clad chivalry thou nurse divine;
To thee, from Thebes the fair,
This madrigal I bear;
Tidings of chariot fleet,
With coursers four that shook the ground;
Wherein triumphant, Hiero hath bound,
With lustre-shedding wreaths, Ortygia, seat
Of Dian, watcher o'er the crystal flood.
By whose mild curbing taught,
Nor without Dian's aid,
The bridle, quaintly wrought,
His tender foals obey'd.
The virgin huntress with each gentle hand,
And active Hermes bland,
Do put the bright adornment on;
What time his car he yokes;
And settling all the fair caparison,
The trident-bearing God aloud invokes.
To divers lords in divers lands,
Hath sung the duteous bard;

As some peculiar worth demands,
For each, his own reward.
The lyrists vie, in Cyprian groves,
For Cynaras, their sweetest tone;
Whom golden-hair'd Apollo loves;
Priest, Cytherea's minion.
For favours, to requite the good,
Waits the fond zeal of gratitude.
Son of Dinomenes, to thee,
The Locrian damsel tunes her voice;
As by thy arm, from foemen free,
She bids her western home rejoice.
By hest of Gods, Ixion, as they say,
On stony wheel, for ever whirling round,
In mortal ear doth sound;
"To benefactors they must pay,
In gentle recompense, a meet return."
A lesson that, he did too plainly learn.
Mid Saturn's sons, his friends, sweet life he led;
But the great bliss unable long to bear,
Of Juno fell enamour'd, who the bed
Magnificent of Jove was given to share.
The mad presumption fitly proved his bane;
And as the sinning, mighty was the pain.
His fault was double; in that kindred blood
He first had mingled in that elder day,
Nor without craft; and in the dread abode,
He did the bedfellow of Jove assay.
None should o'erstep his limit. Grievous harm
O'ertook him in the lawless couch he sought.

A cloud lay by him, clasp'd in am'rous arm;
By a sweet lie, poor witless mortal, caught.
Exceeding fair, that phantom in his sight
Of Saturn's daughter did the semblance wear;
A fatal mischief, beautiful and bright,
Trickt out by hands of Jove in baseless air.
So the four-spoked bond's eternal pain,
His own destruction, for himself he wrought;
And fetter'd with indissoluble chain,
To all, that universal warning taught.
Without the Graces, sprung from his embrace,
She only bore one only monstrous wight,
By Gods dishonour'd and by mortal race;
Whom she did nourish; and him, Centaur, hight.
With mares Magnesian, he in vallies wild
Of Pelion mix'd; strange brood, of that desire,
Was born; both parents, like, each wondrous child;
The mother underneath; above, the sire.
God, in all to his intent,
Accomplishes th' event;
God, who the winged eagle overtakes,
And in the sea doth pass the dolphin by;
Of the proud-hearted, he the courage breaks,
And other lifts in fadeless honour high.
Be mine, as best I may, to flee
That fang abhorr'd, envenom'd calumny.
From far I have beheld,
In grievous straits ofttimes,

Archilochus impell'd
By malice, battening on gross sland'rous rhymes.
But competence I rather chuse
With a discreet and gentle muse.
Thou plainly, Prince, with liberal heart,
Canst the wished boon impart;
Thou, of fair-crowned streets and people, lord.
Who vaunts, in Greece, before to see
One rich or honour'd more than thee,
Struggles with fond and vain imagining.
Then straight our well-trimm'd fleet I will aboard,
And the crew cheering, loud for virtue sing.
Youth in martial prowess shines:
Thence I tell thy glorious might,
When warriors march'd in order'd lines,
Or rush'd on bounding steeds to fight.
And counsels sage of riper days
Ask unconfin'd thy meed of praise.
Farewell. Like Tyrian freightage, rides
My song o'er ocean's foamy tides.
Nor loth regard, in Castor's vein,
Waked from Æolian chords, the strain;
What time the harp shall come, and pour,
In seven-fold chime, her liquid store.
Be what thou knowst. With idle jape,
Boys laud, for beauty laud, the ape.
But Rhadamanth with wisdom blest
The fruit of his own noble breast

Soothes not with flatteries his heart,
Such as attend the whisperer's art;
(A hateful pest in both) alike
With covert scandal prompt to strike.
As fox's still their wily snares.
But for their gain; what gain is theirs?
  For as in ocean's toil severe,
When other tackle lab'ring lies,
I ever, as the float, appear,
Buoyant, o'er mounting waves to rise.
  From crafty wight no word may fall,
Of power, among the good;
Yet while he meanly fawns on all,
His web is still pursued.
  I venture not on arts like those.
Friend to the friendly, to my foes
I will a foeman's front oppose;
And through each hidden maze,
E'en as a wolf, will pace about,
And turn and shift to track them out
In their own crooked ways.
  Whate'er of states the varying plan,
In all, of tongue direct the man
Is highest in the scale;
Under a tyrant; or where loud
And vehement the sovran crowd;
Or where the wise prevail.
  To strive with God no strength may reach,
Who gives alternately to each
Preeminence at will.

This, little good, the envious count.
If others in the balance mount,
Such heart is stung with ill:
Embitter'd with a rancorous gall,
Till what themselves contrive, befal.
  But lightly to endure the load,
The neck by yoke opprest,
Helps much. To kick against the goad,
A slippery way at best.
  Among the virtuous be my lot;
So I please them, all else forgot.

PYTHIAN III.

Would fate my will allow,
(If such a common vow
May from my lips be heard)
Chiron Phillyrides were living now;
The mighty son of Saturn, long departed;
And ruling once again,
In Pelion's shaggy glen,
That elf uncouth and wild; to mortals, gentle-hearted:
Such as when of old he bred
The hero skill'd, above the rest,
To lull the aching limb to rest,
Asclepius; at whose high behest,
The troop of fell diseases fled.
Him ere, to light, his mother's final throe,
With aid of gentle Ilithyia, sent,
Daughter of Phlegyas, she, by golden bow
Of Dian struck, to house of Hades went,
In her own chamber. So Apollo wrought:
(The sons of Jove not frustrate in their ire)
For him she slighted; and with wayward thought,
Another marriage fondly did desire;
Nor with her father's weeting: when she first
Had to long-tressed Phœbus been betroth'd,

And, his pure seed, within her bosom, nurst.
Then were the tables of her bridal loth'd,
And the loud notes of Hymen's revelry,
Such as the fellow maidens in their play,
Are wont to sing under the evening sky.
For most she lov'd what furthest was away.
So many use. Unwisest of their kind,
Who shunning what at home and near them lies
Send out their ken afar: with restless mind
Hunting vain hope, that still before them flies.
Such fatal mischief had enthrall'd the spright
Of the fair-robed Coronis. For she lay
In stranger's bed, who came from Arcady.
Nor had she scaped an ever-wakeful eye:
Since he had heard as much, to whom they slay
The flocks at Pytho's shrine, the Loxian King,
With intellect that scanneth all things right,
Himself inform'd by his own communing;
From falsehood far; whom neither God misleads,
Nor mortal man, in counsel or in deeds.
Who when that strange embracement well he knew,
And guileful wrong that was by Ischys wrought,
His sister forth he sent: and down she flew
To Lacerea, with fierce anger fraught.
There dwelt the maid by Bæbeis' steepy lake.
Her other Genius had, to evil, turn'd
And left her; whereof many did partake,
That near her liv'd, in the same ruin steep'd.
Upon the mountain from one spark hath leapt

The fire, that hath a mighty forest burn'd.
But when her kindred on the wooden bound
Had stretch'd the girl; and climbing up the side
The sheeny light of Vulcan ran around,
Then in sad accents thus Apollo cried:
"I will not bear mine offspring to consume,
Wrapt with his mother in her piteous doom."
At the first step arriving, as he spake,
He, snatching from the corse, the child did save,
(The funeral flame for him asunder brake)
And bearing him to the wise Centaur gave,
Who in Magnesia wonn'd; and bade him teach
All healing arts, that fit a learned leach.
Whoever worn with in-bred ulcers came,
Or by the gleamy weapon wounded sore,
Or struck with missile stone, or in their frame
Wasted by summer's fire or winter frore;
Of every one he did the pains allay,
Chasing from some with murmur'd songs away;
Some with mild drinks, or salves about them laid;
And, others cutting, he them upright made.
But lucre wisdom's self can captive hold.
E'en he was turn'd by sight of tempting gain,
(When in the hands appear'd the glist'ning gold)
From death to rescue one already ta'en.
And Jove in sooth, hurling with eager hand,
In either bosom did the breathing stay.
Fate follow'd quick his flaming levin-brand.
With mortal mind behoves not to assay

What 'longeth to the Gods; but to esteem
Rightly our own, and know what portion our's.
Nor thou, fond soul, of life immortal dream,
Nor try the task that is beyond thy powers.
But within his cavern'd cell
If sage Chiron yet did dwell,
And our honey'd numbers aught
Could put a philtre in his thought,
I had won him to befriend
Worthiest wights; and now to send
A leach for hot diseases; one
Of Phœbus deem'd, or Jove, the son;
And haply so my voyage ta'en,
Riding o'er th' Ionian main,
To the well of Arethuse,
Near th' Ætnæan host, who dwells,
Princely lord, in Syracuse:
Not envying who most excels;
Mild to all, a father's care
His friendly guests admiring share.
To him I might have brought along
A brace of gentle charities;
Golden health, and jocund song;
For his Pythian victories;
To sparkle on the wreaths, that late
In Cyrrha, Pherenicus gat.
Brighter than a heav'nly star,
Streaming lustre from afar,
I then had reach'd the happy shore;
Traveling the deep ocean o'er.

But to the mother will I make my prayer,
Dread Goddess, whom with Pan the virgins call,
Oft at my porch, in nightly warbled air.
Thou know'st, O Hiero, the sum of all,
A sentence spoke of old; and find'st it sure.
Gods, for one good, two ills to men divide;
Which fools cannot in seemly sort endure,
But good men, turning out the fairer side.
Thine too the lot of bliss. For mighty Fate
Regards a kingly head, if any here.
Yet those, esteem'd the highest in their state,
In life throughout not undisturbed were,
Cadmus and Peleus; they, who in a ring
Had heard the gold-capt Muses caroling,
Upon the mountain and by Dirce's spring;
One, when the full-eyed Harmony he wed;
And one, the child from wizard Nereus bred,
Renowned Thetis. And at either's board
The Gods were feasted; and they did behold
The sons of Saturn, kings on seats of gold;
And took their bridal gifts. So Jove restored,
After long toil, their spirits, by his grace,
Recruited. Yet in after time, the one
Again deserted fell from joyous place,
Through sharp affliction of his daughters three;
Albeit Jove himself, by beauty won,
Sought the sweet couch of white-arm'd Semele.
The other's child, in Phthia, whom alone
Immortal Thetis bare, by fatal bow
In battle wounded, on the pyre was thrown;
And burning, stirr'd the Grecians up to woe.

Who kens the way of truth, if such there be,
What from the blest befals, will suffer well.
The blasts of heavenly winds are blowing free,
And from their various quarters sink and swell;
The bliss of man then nearest to an end,
When the wide-sweeping gales in fullest force descend.

Be mine, however fortune range
Still shifting her estate,
To suit my temper to the change
Of little or of great.

If God to me fair riches deign,
A hope I have, that in their train
Wide glory will be found.
Of Nestor and Sarpedon's fame,
Verse, such as skilful artists frame,
Has spred the glorious sound.
Worth lives by song; but few attain
The honours of a lasting strain.

PYTHIAN IV.

To-day, thy station, Muse,
Near a friendly man must be,
Lord of Cyrene's ample meads,
Where most the sprightly coursers use;
That with Arcesilaus, as he leads
The jocund revel, thy sweet shell
May, for Latona's twins and Pytho, swell
Due gale of sacred harmony.
There the prophetess of old,
(Nor Phœbus absent from his shrine)
(Jove's eagles near her perch'd in gold)
For Battus dropp'd a word divine;
Founder of Libya's fruitful soil,
How he must quit his hallow'd isle
To raise, for chariots far renown'd,
A city on the silvery mound,
And Medea's promise take,
The spell that she in Thera spake;
To generations ten and seven,
Soon as the fated term is given.
Æetes' glowing child, the Colchian queen
Breath'd from immortal lips the sound,
As demigods, suspended, lean,
Brave Jason's sailors, listening round.

" Mark me, mighty chieftains, sprung
Of heroes and of heavenly seed:
From this earth, in ocean flung,
Shall in after age succeed
A root of growth illustrious;
Cities dear to mortals' love,
By virgin child of Epaphus,
Set in soil of Ammon Jove.
They, for dolphin's finny speed,
Shall barter the swift-bounding steed;
Reins for oars, at will to sway
Tempest-footed chariot's way.
So shall end the augury;
That Thera must, of cities, be
A mighty mother; by that sod
Of late portended, which a God
Gave Euphemus, stepping down
From the prow to grasp the boon:
Father Jove by thunder-clang
Mark'd approval. As they hang
The anchor by his iron lip,
Swift Argo's curb, upon the ship,
He o'ertook us. But before,
Twelve days we out of ocean bore
The hull, uplifted by my care,
O'er ridgy deserts wild and bare.
The God, lone-roving, came in sight,
Like reverend man with visage bright,
And kind words spake; as bounteous lord,
Who welcomes stranger guests at board.

But (for he knew our haste to part
With thoughts of sweet return at heart)
He feign'd Eurypylus to be,
Born from the great God of Sea;
And straight from earth that near him lay,
With right hand snatch'd the glebe away;
Eager, as seem'd, before we go,
Some farewell token, to bestow.
Nor reckless of the gift he bore,
The hero forward sprang ashore,
And, as he hand in hand did hold,
From him took the sacred mould.
But, as I hear, from out our ship,
It hath been plunged by a sea leap;
Under gathering shades of even,
With the moist brine onward driven.
Oft had I bade our menials guard
The treasure with unsleeping ward;
But their thoughts took little heed;
And now th' imperishable seed,
In this vast isle of Libyan clime,
Is shed or ere appointed time.
For had he cast it near the road
From earth to Hades' deep abode;
After many wanderings come
To Tænarus, his hallow'd home;
King Euphemus, (he, of yore,
Whom beside Cephisus' shore,
Europa, Tityus' daughter fair,
Did to steed-ruling Neptune bear)

Four sons succeeding, so his kin
Of that wide continent had been
Possessors, with th' Achaian host.
For then they rise from Sparta's coast,
Mycenæ and the Argive bay.
But now he must, this land to sway,
In bed of stranger women, find
A chosen race, by heaven, design'd
Parents of him, whom fate ordains
Lord of the black-enclouded plains;
Who shall, in after time, resort
To Phœbus' gold-emblazon'd court;
And warn'd by rites in Pytho's fane,
Shall lead, in ships, a numerous train
To fields with plenty rich endow'd,
By holy Nile's Saturnian flood."
  Such Medea's mystic rede.
No sound they utter'd, limb they stirr'd,
The godlike chiefs, in breathless heed,
Shudd'ring at the solemn word.
  Blest son of Polymnestus, thee,
With that lore, the prescient spell,
Self-moving from the Delphic bee,
Did to thy mighty mark impel.
Thou didst but ask, from speech enthrall'd
What help the Gods afford,
When thrice she bade thee hail, and call'd
Cyrene's destin'd lord.
And even now in age much later born,
As in the height of crimson-flowered spring,

Eighth part, that doth the parent stem adorn,
Arcesilaus blooms; to whom the king
Phœbus, and Pytho, glory yield, decreed
By the Amphictyons for his coursers' speed.
And him will I, with song prevailing,
To the Muses' charge assign,
And the ram's all-golden fleece;
For in that quest the Minyans sailing
Of honours won a glad increase,
Rain'd from heaven upon their line.
Whence came their voyage? Them what peril held,
With adamantine rivets, firmly bound?
Foretold it was to Pelias, his death-wound
Must from the brave Æolidæ befal,
By force or counsels not to be repell'd.
The dread prediction did his soul appal,
As he beside the midmost navel, stood,
Of the great mother veil'd in darksome wood:
It warn'd 'gainst one a single sandal wearing,
In wariest caution, evermore to stand;
Whenever such, from lofty stalls, repairing,
Of famed Iolcos the fair westring land
Shall visit, denizen at once and guest.
And sooth in time such came. Two javelins bearing,
A dreadful wight he was; in double vest;
This, closely round his shapely members clasping,
Such as by mortals in Magnesia worn;

That, skin of leopard, warding stormy stower.
Nor of his locks the shining tresses shorn
Had left him, but his back all down did shower.
Swiftly right on he past; and where the crowd
Throng'd full in public mart, there standing made
Proof of his own unshrinking hardihood.
They knew him not; and one among them said
In reverence: "Surely not Apollo this;
Nor Venus' leman with the brazen car.
And dead Iphimedia's offspring is,
They say, in fruitful Naxian isle afar;
Otus, and Ephialtes dreadless king.
And Tityus, Dian's weapon hath dispatch'd,
That from unconquer'd quiver forth did spring,
Showing how love must be with equals match'd."
Such talk they held. With mules and chariot bright,
Pelias meanwhile arrived in headlong haste;
Astounded when the sandal came in sight
Known but too well, on right foot only laced.
And thus he spake, concealing his affright:
"Whence, stranger, dost thou boast thy native earth?
And whose fair womb disclosed thee to the light?
Say; nor with hateful falsehood stain thy birth."
With gentle accents boldly he replied.
"In Chiron's cave I had my nurriture,
With Chariclo and Phillyra; thence have hied,
Where I was bred up by his daughters pure.
In twenty years, that from my birth have flown,

No deed, no word of shame to them I spoke.
And here my errand is my father's throne,
Not ruled in right; that disposition broke
Of princely honour, which high Jove's decree
To Æolus and to his children gave.
Lawless, I hear, is held the sovereignty
By Pelias, to his pallid heart a slave,
Who from our parents wrench'd their ancient sway.
They, soon as ever I beheld the day,
From the proud ruler, fearing bitter bale,
Did in the house a sable funeral lay,
As if for me deceased, with women's wail;
Then wrapt in purple swaddling bands they sent
In secret, (night sole partner of their way)
And to Saturnian Chiron did present,
To breed me up. This of my words the sum.
The dwelling of my sires, dear countrymen,
Show to me plainly. Æson's son I come;
Nor seek your land, a stranger alien."

He said: and entering in, his father's eyes
Knew him; and from their aged lids, tears all
Came, bubbling; for exceeding were his joys,
Seeing his son most beautiful of men.

Then either brother rose from out his bower
At fame of him; Pheres, as first at hand,
Leaving the fount in Hyperea's glen;
Next Amythaon from Messene's land:
Melampus and Admetus hasting then
To greet their kinsman. At the social feast,
Jason receiving them with speeches bland

And offerings made in friendship, all delights
Extended in one circle; nor surceas'd,
Unintermittingly, five days and nights,
Culling of joyous life the holy flower.
But on the sixth, he, all his grave intent,
From the beginning, opening, with them shared:
And they approved. So straightway from the tent
With them he rose; and to the palace fared
Of Pelias. Rushing on, within they stood.
And himself met them, when their steps he heard,
Offspring of fair-hair'd Tyro's noble blood.
But Jason, in mild voice, his placid word
Distilling, laid the base of converse sage.
"Son of Petreian Neptune; fraudful gain
Is, before justice, over-apt t'engage
The minds of mortals; though they halt in pain
To after-reck'ning. But it shall become
Both me and thee, leaving resentment past,
To weave a common web of bliss to come.
I speak but what thou know'st. One mother cast,
Engender'd in one mould, our ancestry,
Cretheus and stout of heart Salmoneus: we,
Planted in third removal off, in turn
Do of this sun the golden strength descry.
The Fates abhor, when kindred bosoms burn
With hatred, hiding shame in enmity.
Beseems not that we twain, with piercing glaive
Or point of javelin, should partition make
Of the great honours our forefathers gave.
Therefore I do surrender, for thy sake,

Both flocks and yellow herds and wide domain
Of fields, as many from my parents ta'en,
As till'd by thee, enrich thy plenteous share.
Nor irks me this much increase of thy state.
But for the sceptre and the royal chair,
Wherein of old the son of Cretheus sat,
Minist'ring justice to his knightly train;
These, without common trouble, thou to us
Release: lest we, from them, hereafter find,
Aught new of evil rise." He ended thus:
And undisturb'd, Pelias, in turn, rejoin'd.
"In me no variance is. But I am now
Compass'd with life's extremer part of age,
And in the foaming of youth's blossom thou
At full; and hast ability to swage
The dreaded anger of infernal powers.
The soul of Phrixus calls for duteous care,
And wills, that speeding to Æetes' towers,
Some, of that ram, the deep-fleeced hide should bear,
By which he whilom from the sea was saved
And step-dame's godless darts. A wondrous dream,
This, coming, tells me. From the shrine, I craved
Prophetic answer, at Castalia's stream.
And it, with haste, enjoin'd me to prepare,
In vessel, conduct. Thou this toil, not loth,
Accomplish. So the monarchy, I swear,
And kingdom, to forego. A mighty oath:
Jove, our first author, witness be to both."

Agreement thus confirm'd, they sunder'd were.
But Jason's self stirr'd heralds to proclaim,
In every quarter, instant voyaging.
And at the summons, straight, three sons there
came,
Invincible, of Jove, Saturnian king,
By Leda and Alcmena starry-eyed:
Two, with high clust'ring tresses, Neptune's race,
Fearing their inbred valour to disgrace,
From Pylos and the steep of Tænarus;
Whose glory in that hour by proof was tried:
Thine, O wide-ruling Periclymenus;
And thine, Euphemus. From Apollo, went,
The lyrist, then; father of tuneful songs,
Renowned Orpheus. And next Hermes sent,
To that exhaustless labour, either son;
Echion, (both in youthful prime were swelling)
And Erytus. And swiftly then came on,
About Pangæus' roots who had their dwelling:
For king of winds, Boreas, was nothing slack,
But blythe in heart dispatch'd his children two,
Zetes and Calais, men, upon whose back
Stiff ruffling pennons gleam'd a purple hue.
By Juno, kindled in the heroes' breast,
For the ship Argo, a sweet longing rose;
That with his mother none at home would rest,
Ripening unperil'd days, but rather chose,
E'en unto death, amid his peers, to find
The cure most beautiful for noble mind.
But when the flower of mariners

To Iolcos was gone down,
Jason, with praises on them all,
There number'd every one.
  Next did the soothsayer for him,
Mopsus, his aid afford,
With holy lots and auguries,
To put the band aboard.
  And soon as by the vessel's bow,
The anchor was hung up;
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup;
And on great father Jove did call;
And on the winds, and waters all
Swept by the hurrying blast;
And on the nights, and ocean ways;
And on the fair auspicious days,
And lov'd return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came;
And shook in glistering beams around
Burst out the lightening-flame.
The chiefs breath'd free; and at the sign,
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried,
Forthwith their oars to ply;
And swift went backward from rough hands,
The rowing ceaselessly.
  Conducted by the breezy south,
They reach'd the stormy Axine's mouth;
There a shrine for Neptune rear'd;
Of Thracian bulls, a crimson herd

Was ready; and heav'n-founded stone,
Wide-spred, to lay the altar on.
Peril deep before them lay;
And to the Lord of ships they pray,
Amidst their ever-raging shocks,
To 'scape the justle of fierce rocks.
For twain there were, alive, that whirl'd
Swifter than bellowing winds are hurl'd.
But now to them, that voyage blest
Brought their final day of rest.
After the band of heroes bright
Had glided into Phasis' flood;
With dusk-faced Colchians, mingling might,
Before Æetes' self they stood.
Then first the Cyprian Queen,
Mistress of weapons keen,
Her madd'ning bird from earth to mortals bore;
To the four-spoked round,
Indissolubly bound,
Iynx, with motley plumage, speckled o'er:
And whisper'd into Jason's ear
Soft prayers and fond enchantments dear,
Of power Medea to disarm
Of daughter's shame; and work a charm
That should for Greece her bosom fire,
Dizzied with scourge of strange desire.
The ends she show'd of every toil,
That he must for her sire endure;
And besmearing him with oil,
Added drugs of precious cure

Against strong pains. Then plighted both,
Sweet mutual vows and marriage troth.
Æetes, in the midst, the plough
Of adamant has pight;
And oxen that from tawny jaws
Outbreathed a burning light;
And as they trod with brazen hoofs,
The ground alternate broke.
These easily alone he led,
And join'd them to the yoke.
Stretch'd forth direct his furrow ran,
The glebe thrown up a cubit's span
On earth's broad back. And thus he cried:
"This work accomplishing for me,
Let the king, whoe'er he be,
That doth the vessel guide,
Bear the glittering bed away,
The golden-fringed fleece that never shall decay."
He said: and Jason, having flung aside
His saffron mantle, to the work applied,
In God confiding. Him the fiery heat
Nought wilder'd, through commands
Of one in magic pharmacy complete,
His foreign hostess. He, with stubborn hands,
Dragging the ploughshare, to the oxen's geer
Bound their reluctant necks, by need constrain'd;
And with remorseless goad,
Urging their broad-flank'd stature on the road,
A violent man, the limit of his work attain'd.

A groan convulsed Æetes' breast,
Albeit by voiceless grief suppress,
In marvel at his power.
His friends the hero gather'd round;
Stretch'd loving hands; and, covering crown'd
With herblet and with flower;
And him upon his way did bring,
With sweet words of welcoming.
Instant Hyperion's wondrous son,
To him, the radiant hide, has shown,
Extended even where the blades
Of Phrixus laid it out; and this would foil,
He hoped, his utmost toil.
For it was lying in a thicket's shades;
And under ward of ravenous jaw, was held
By dragon, that in length and breadth outspred
A bark of fifty oars excell'd,
Which blows of steel have perfected.
Long for me, the beaten track:
For closes fast the hour;
And some shorter path I ken;
And many else there be, the followers of my lore.
By arts, the serpent azure-eyed,
Whose scales of many a hue were dyed,
He, hath, Arcesilaus, slain;
And therewith by stealth has ta'en
Medea, death of Pelias:
And to the ocean floods they pass,
The Red Sea, and the Lemnian crew
Of women who their husbands slew;

Where of limbs they proof display'd,
In active games, for garments, play'd;
And with them lay: when far away,
Of your bliss the destin'd spark,
Whether by daylight or by dark,
Was stricken first: for in that place
Planted was Euphemus' race,
Thenceforward to endure for aye;
And mix'd with Spartan breed awhile,
In time they sought Callista's* isle.
Thence did Latona's son your lot assign,
(With holy rites to honour Libya's plain)
O'er golden-thron'd Cyrene's town to reign;
By upright counsel sage, guarding her walls divine.
List now of Œdipus a learned strain.
If one, with axe's griding stroke,
The branches of some mighty oak
Should shatter, and the form majestic mar;
Though his fruits all wither'd are,
Yet of himself he doth approval make,
Whether to wintry fire his relics come,
Or propt on princely columns, undertake
A wretched labour in an alien dome,
Leaving his dwelling bare.
Thou art the timeliest healer; and thy light,
By Pæan, held in honour. Gentle hand
Befits the tending of an ulcer'd wound.
To shake a city, easy hath been found,

* The old name for Thera.

E'en for the viler: hard, to set upright
Once more, upon the sudden; 'less command
Of God, the rulers in their course, assure.
For thee such grace, prepares the common weal
Of blest Cyrene. Thou for her endure
To lay out all thy zeal.
Take with thee too, and give it seemly heed,
A word of Homer's. Skilful messenger,
Said he, most honour brings to every deed.
The Muse herself doth best succeed
By message fitly done.
Well hath Cyrene known,
And the most famous halls of Battus well,
What justice in Demophilus doth dwell!
For he, with striplings, young; in counsels, old,
As if a secular man he were,
Bereaves the tongue in malice bold
Of voice that malice to declare;
Hath learnt the proud and insolent to hate;
Not striving with the good;
No duty till too late
Deferring; for he well hath understood,
Occasion hath brief measure; and on her,
No hireling, waits, but faithful follower.
Most grievous thing it is they say,
For one, acquainted with what best we love,
To keep, by sad constraint, his foot away.
And yet, that Atlas now is struggling hard
With heaven; from his paternal land debarr'd,
And own possessions. But immortal Jove

Released the Titans; and in time winds cease,
Giving the sails a change. Still doth he pray,
Having worn out a pestilent disease,
To see his home some day;
And near Apollo's fountain, at the feast,
Give out his soul to youth;
And mid wise countrymen,
Bearing his dædal harp, ofttimes again
Touch it in quiet; to none, doing wrong,
Nor from his neighbours, suffering. And in sooth
He haply then may tell
Arcesilaus, what a well
Of most ambrosial song
For him he found, when late at Thebes a guest.

PYTHIAN V.

Of riches, wide the sway;
When, by mortal guided, they
Through fav'ring fate on virtue pure attend;
Good followers, and link'd with many a friend.
By thee, Arcesilaus, are they met
At the first step that from thy noble birth
Leads thee in glory onward, for the sake
Of Castor, in his golden chariot, set;
Who after wintry storm o'erblown,
Streams a bright flood of calmness down
Upon thy blessed hearth.
The wise, in fairer part do take
Even the power that cometh from on high.
And thou, whom Justice on thy way doth bring,
Art compast round with fortune manifold;
Partly that thou art king
Of mighty cities; and a kindred eye
Doth, this most awful dignity
Mingled with prudence, hold;
And blessed art thou now
The more, because the vow

In glorious Pytho with thy steeds fulfilling,
Thou seest this band of minstrels shrilling
Apollo's jocund music in thy courts.
Forget not then, amid Cyrene's sports,
The strain in Venus' lovely garden heard:
"To power divine, be all referr'd."
And chief of thy companions here,
Hold thou Carrhotus ever dear,
Who not to thee Excuse hath brought,
Daughter of tardy Afterthought;
Reaching the halls where yet their reign
Battus' royal sons retain;
But he, a welcome guest received
At the waves of Castaly,
For thy locks a crown has weaved,
By the chariot that for thee,
With reins unharm'd, the course around,
Twelve times in rapid circle wound.
Of the tackle marr'd he nought:
But hangs aloof, whatever wrought
By dædal hand of workman's skill,
He carried, over Crisa's hill,
To the deep valley of the God;
All under cypress roof bestow'd,
Near that sculptured form divine,
At Parnassus' holy shrine,
By bowyer Cretans placed of old,
A trunk entire of solid mould.
Beseems to meet with willing cheer
The man, whom friendly acts endear.

On thee, O Alexibius' son,
The Graces shed their mingled rays;
Blest to earn, thy labours done,
A monument of peerless praise.
Forty chariots wreck'd around
With their drivers dash'd to ground;
Thou, with not a ruffled thought,
Safe and whole thy car hast brought,
From noble lists, o'er Libya's plain,
Home to thy native walls again.
From toil, of man the common lot,
None is or shall be free:
Nor Battus' fortune hath forgot
Her old variety:
The city's tower; an eye of light
To such as came from far;
From him, dread lions turn'd in flight,
Mutt'ring their boastful war.
In their ears, the tongue, that sounded,
Was from beyond the sea:
And by Apollo's self, confounded,
Did the shudd'ring monsters flee.
So, for Cyrene's lord, the Godhead will'd
His oracle fulfill'd;
Who doth, for man and womankind, dispense,
Against diseases dire, his healing influence;
He who the tuneful harp hath given;
And, unto whom he will, the Muse imparts,
Breathing into their hearts
The love of quiet rule and order even.

And his the deep prophetic lore;
Whereby, on Lacedæmon's shore,
In Argos, and in Pylus the divine,
He fix'd the high heroic line,
Of Hercules and great Ægimius, sprung.
I too from Sparta trace
A lov'd and honour'd race.
Thence my fathers; they who claim
From Ægeus; and to Thera came.
The Gods were kind; and fate led on
Where the festal altars shone.
And hence, O Phœbus, we retain
Still thy old Carnean strain;
And still, amid our solemn cheer,
Cyrene's glorious walls revere;
Which the Trojan guests enfold,
Antenor's sons in battle bold,
Who brought fair Helen on her way,
Soon as their country's fatal day
Saw, from roofless domes, expire
The murky wreaths of smouldring fire.
Kind welcome met that knightly race,
With gifts from those who held the place,
Arrived with Aristoteles,
Opening a path o'er foamy seas,
In his swift ships: at whose command,
The fanes in ampler girth were spred;
And for Apollo's holy band,
Warding evil from the land,

The broad Scyrotian causey led,
Echoing to the coursers' tread.
There at the prow of that fam'd mart,
He lies in solemn state apart;
Blest among men; and in his grave,
The guardian hero of the brave.
Retired at distance from the dome,
Each in his own sepulchral home,
The rest outstretch'd in saintly rows,
A band of sacred kings repose.
With soul surviving yet in earth,
They list their own majestic worth
Sprinkled with dew of hymns in showerings mild;
And under-currents softly stealing,
To them, their blissful doom revealing;
And grace vouchsafed in common with their child
Arcesilaus. Him behoves, with song,
The golden-sworded Phœbus, loud to praise;
For that he gains from Pytho his desire,
Guerdon of lavish costs, the sweet triumphal lays.
That man the wise of heart applaud.
I speak but what is blazed abroad.
In judgment, thriv'n beyond his years;
For tongue and boldness, he appears
A wide-winged eagle; and his might
Like a bulwark in the fight.
Amid the Muses' train,
E'en from his mother, apt to soar;

And skill'd with ready hand to rein
The bounding chariot on his native shore.
No fair pursuit was ever known,
But he hath dared, and made his own.
Him now hath God of power possest.
And, O ye sons of Saturn blest,
Grant him henceforth to succeed
Alike in counsel and in deed.
No fruit-destroying wintry blast
Approach to smite his time at last.
The mighty mind of Jove doth steer
Their genius, whom he holdeth dear.
To Battus' race I pray him yield
This honour in Olympia's field.

PYTHIAN VI.

List: for our furrow turns a field,
To bright-eyed Venus or the Graces dear;
As we, the temple near,
Approach the navel of loud-roaring Earth,
Where due to Pythian victor's worth,
For the Emmenidæ and Agragas,
(By whose fair towers the river flood doth pass)
And for Xenocrates the blest,
A treasure of sweet hymns doth rest,
Wall'd, in the golden Apollonian glen:
Which neither wintry tempest driving loud,
Inclement army of the echoing cloud,
Nor wind shall sweep, with surf all-swilling, hurl'd
Into recesses of the watry world;
But standing forth, in light, it shall to men
Declare, with serene face,
The conquest, Thrasybulus, of thy car;
A common glory to thy sire and race,
In Crissa's winding vales. Thou, with firm hand,
Dost grasp it, keeping still that right command,

Which to great-soul'd Pelides, as they say,
An orphan left, the son of Phillyra,
Amid the mountains did enjoin of old;
Jove, of the Gods, in reverence most to hold,
Deep-voiced King of lightning and of thunder;
Nor ever, from the same regard, to sunder
His Parents' fated life.
And such a mind of yore
Antilochus the warlike bore,
Who for his father perish'd; biding,
Amid the battle-strife,
The chieftain fierce of Æthiop band,
Memnon; for from Paris' hand
The keen weapons swiftly gliding,
Had the Nestorian car delay'd,
With wounded steed; and he urged on
His mighty spear: in soul dismay'd,
The Pylian old man shouted to his son;
Nor falling to the ground, the word was cast
away;
But the godlike man did stay,
And by his death his father's days redeem'd.
So in that elder generation,
He to his youngers seem'd,
Doing a deed for highest admiration,
To be in filial excellence supreme.
But these are times gone by.
And Thrasybulus most, of mortals now,
Hath reach'd the just paternal line;

And doth a gladsome splendour show,
Approaching to his glorious eme.
His wealth by wisdom led, in pride or wrong
He never cropt a youthful flower,
But such deep lore, as only breathes in song
Amid the Muses' inmost bower.
Nor less, earth-shaking Neptune, all his mind
Doth with thy straining coursers, pant and swell:
While his sweet thought, to gay associates join'd,
Outstrips the bees' work in their latticed cell.

PYTHIAN VII.

ATHENS, the stately-wall'd, magnificent!
Proem most beauteous for Alcmæon's race,
Whereon to lay the base
Of sacred song, their steeds' proud ornament!
For what more eminent
Country or home, shall I in Grecia, name,
Inhabited? No city, wherein fame
Sounds not Erectheus' sons; they, who for thee,
Apollo, have built up a gorgeous shrine
In Pytho the divine.
Five victories in Corinth lead me on;
One in Olympia, Jove's, the chief of these;
And two from Cyrrha; your's, O Megacles,
And your forefathers'! At the new success
In part rejoicing, yet for this I mourn;
That beauteous deeds in envy meet return.
'Tis said indeed that mortal happiness,
When most it flourisheth, to last, must be
Thus chequer'd with a strange variety.

PYTHIAN VIII.

O LOVING-HEARTED Quiet, thou whose reign
Doth mighty cities best sustain;
Daughter of Justice; in whose hands are held
Of counsel and of war the sovran keys;
For Aristomenes,
Receive the honour won on Pytho's field.
Thou know'st, in season due, at will,
To give or take joy's tender thrill;
Nor thine th' insensate soul
That cannot Wrath's insulting tide control,
By sharp repulse subdued;
If chance he move thee from thy calmer mood:
Whom Porphyrion knew, too late,
Provok'd, against his better fate.
Gain, all other most excelling,
That comes from a good-willer's dwelling:
But Force, how proud soe'er his threat,
Hath work'd the boaster's own defeat.
He, whom Cilicia's caverns bred,
The hundred-headed Typhon scap'd not her;
Nor e'en that king, the giant-host who led;
But fell in ruin under
The bolts of vengeful thunder
And darts of Phœbus. He with thought benign,

Hath back from Cyrrha's shrine
Xenarces' son received again,
With herb Parnassian crown'd and Doric strain.
  Nor from the Graces far
Fell that fair Island, seat of righteousness;
Whom with famed virtues bless
The sons of Æacus: her glory found
From the beginning perfect; and renown'd
In song for heroes, her triumphant brood,
With matchless might endued,
In listed fields alike and mid the din of war:
Such deeds as mortal men admire.
  But me the time would fail
To trust a lengthen'd tale
To warbling voice and lyre;
Lest satiety offend.
So shall my task run on,
As thee, O youth, I tend
On speedy wing full-penn'd
To lift thy new renown;
A champion prov'd the steps to trace
Of thy mother's german race;
Who Theognotus dost not shame
In Olympia's hardy game;
Nor yet, in Corinth's trial, him,
Clitomachus the stout of limb.
So to fresh glory springs in thee
The tribe of old Midylidæ.
Thine such praise, as spake of yore
Oïcleus' child in mystic lore;

When at sev'n-gated Thebes he view'd,
Ranged by the spear in long array,
Of warrior sons that after brood,
From Argos bound their second way.
Thus, as they rush'd to fight, he said:
"By nature, in the children, bred
Their father's courage burns.
At Cadmus' portals, foremost in my sight,
Alcmæon's target glist'ring bright,
The scaly-harnest dragon turns.
And him, by late affliction tried,
Tidings of better omen guide,
Princely Adrastus; he, whose doom
Reserves him other fate at home;
For that of Grecia's host alone,
He the bones of his dead son
Gathering for their funeral urn,
(His people safe, and with success
Sent from the Gods his arms to bless)
To the wide ways of Abas, shall return."
Such was the lot, Amphiaraus spake.
And gladly, o'er Alcmæon, I
Do showers of bloomy chaplets shake;
And sprinkle him with melody.
For near me holding his abode,
And of my wealth a wakeful guard,
He met me issuing on my road
To earth's dread navel hymn'd by many a bard:
And there vouchsafed, with kindred art,
His prophecies impart.

And thou, Far-Darter, who dost rule maintain
Over the glorious and all-thronged fane,
In Pytho's vallies low,
Didst then the chiefest of delights bestow;
And didst at home, before, O King,
With your great banquet, bring
In five-fold games the boon desired most.
Fain would I ask one look from thee;
No gift I gladlier boast,
To bless where'er it turn, my wand'ring harmony.
Near our sweet revel, Justice takes her stand.
And of the highest Gods I supplicate
Unceasing care, Xenarces, on your state.
For if to any the command
Of bliss befal, unearn'd by labour long;
He, to th' unwiser throng,
Seems one supremely skill'd
His life on high to build
By rare device and counsel of his own.
Yet these things not in mortals lie;
But are the gift of deity,
Who casteth one aloft,
And puts another low, in measure, down.
Thine the prize in Megara won,
And in recess of Marathon;
Thou, Aristomenes, didst tame,
In native lists of Juno's game,
By vigour thrice the foe;
And when the five against thee stood,

Didst from on high, in furious mood,
Stoop down, and lay them low.
For them alike, no Pythian doom
Decreed a gladsome journey home.
About a mother, as they came,
No laughter sweet arose:
As through lone byways, gall'd with shame
They lurk'd, and shunn'd their foes.
But he, whom some new triumph crowns,
Through mighty hope, on ample pinion
Of courage soars aloof, and owns
A care surpassing wealth's dominion.
A little while doth pleasure bloom;
So falleth to the ground;
Soon as revers'd a fickle doom
Hath shaken it, and frown'd.
Born for an hour, (what difference then
Twixt being and not being?)
Dream of a shadow, men,
Enter'd at once and fleeing.
And yet from heav'n descended,
Come but a glancing ray;
And in that vision splendid
Glory is their's, and honey-sweet the day.
Ægina, Mother dear, do thou consign
To freedom thy illustrious line;
Watching still the chosen land:
With Jove; and Jove's heroic band,
King Æacus, and mightiest Telamon,
And Peleus, and his godlike son.

PYTHIAN IX.

FAIN my herald voice would yield
Due honour, by the deep-zoned Graces' aid,
To him of brazen shield,
In Pytho, wreath'd with victor's braid,
Fam'd Telesicrates, the boast
Of fair Cyrene, chaser of fleet steeds;
She whom unshorn Apollo bore,
Rapt in his golden car of yore
From Pelion's wind-swept glens, a huntress maid,
Who thenceforth, at his bidding sway'd,
With flocks and harvests cover'd o'er,
That lovely blooming coast,
Third root, through all her wide extent,
Of earth's unmeasured continent.
The silver-slipper'd Venus on the sand
Received the Delian guest;
And, as he lighted, with her hand,
The heav'n-built chariot, gently prest;
Then, on the bridal bed,
Sweet shame and meek reserve did shed,
When in that blissful union met the pair,
The God, and daughter fair
Of Hypseus, ruling-wide,

Who in that hour was king
Of the valiant Lapithæ,
And second in descent did spring
From the mighty God of sea.
Him on Pindus' far-fam'd side
The naiad nymph Creusa bore,
To Peneus a glad bride,
Her mother Gaia's pride.
And in his halls Cyrene grew,
A white-arm'd girl, that took no joy
To trace the shuttle's backward way,
Nor loved her blythe companions' sportive feasts,
But still with spear and dagger to destroy,
In combat fierce, the savage beasts:
And, sooth, she gave her father's herd
To range the silent plains unfear'd.
Seldom on her eyelids lay
Slumber, creeping on till day.
Her, wrestling with a lion's monstrous might,
Alone and without spear,
The quiver'd God of light,
Apollo found; and straight he cried,
From forth his palace wide,
On Chiron to appear.
"Leave, son of Phillyra, thy rock-hewn bower;
And wonder at a woman's power,
What courage in her bosom glows!
How vigorous her frame!
A heart above her task she knows,
A soul no storms can tame.

What mortal man, the damsel's sire?
And, from what stock a cion sprung,
Dwells she the mountain's shadowy depths among?
Such prowess may no force withstand.
Say then, do holier laws allow
To stretch a glorious hand,
And from her chambers pluck the honied flower?"
The spritely Centaur, as a glow
Of laughter gently warm'd his brow,
In jocund mood replies.
"Secret the keys, wherewith persuasion wise
The portals doth unbar of sacred love,
O Phœbus; and the Gods above,
And mortal men, alike o'eraw'd,
Blaze not at first his sweet delights abroad.
For even thee, whom falsehood comes not near,
Hath thine affection dear,
To words of feigning, sway'd.
And dost thou, of the maid,
Inquire, O King, the birth?
Thou, that dost of all things know
The fatal issues and what course they flow:
How many leaves in spring-time clothe the earth;
How many sands in river depths and seas
Are tost by billows and the gusty breeze;
And what shall next befal,
And whence, thou well discernest all.
But if I need must emulate the wise,
My sentence learn. A husband thou art come
To her amid this dell's umbrageous gloom;

And o'er the wat'ry way,
To Jove's choice garden, shalt convey;
And on the plain-encircled mound,
There for her a city found,
Gath'ring the island people round.
But now must Libya's stately pride,
Her long-drawn meadows stretching wide,
Receive for thee the glorious bride;
Glad the lovely guest t' enfold
Within her gorgeous domes of gold;
And of the land's allotted share,
Assign her straight a portion fair,
Rich in all fruits that summer yields,
And beasts to track her wilder fields.
There shall her child be born;
Nor of the Gods forlorn,
Blythe Hermes from his mother dear shall take him,
And to the throned Hours and Gaia bear;
And they will set the babe upon their knees,
And in his lips infuse
Ambrosia with nectarean dews,
And so, immortal make him,
A Jove and pure Apollo;
Of dear mortals the delight;
Hunter and herdman both;
And, as a swain, not loth
His simple flock to follow;
And by his fellows, Aristæus hight."
Those words but urged him to complete the rite

Of spousal. Gods, on speed already bent,
Are in their doing swift, and brief their ways.
That day accomplish'd that intent.
Their couch was spred on golden Libya's ground,
Where she the city sways
Most beautiful and for high games renown'd.
And now, Carneades, thy son,
Around her, bids the blooms of fortune twine,
In Pytho the divine,
Where, in his victory, blest, his own Cyrene
shone;
Who to the land of lovely dames
Shall greet him home with loud acclaims,
Leading bright glory from the Delphic shrine.
With many a fable time inweaves
The legends, mighty prowess leaves;
Though quaintly touch'd, the poet's art
Loves but to hear some scanter part:
Occasion, arbitress in all:
Not unheedful of whose call,
Of old was Iolaus known
By Thebes in her sev'n-gated town;
Whom, when with edge of shining blade
He had to death Eurystheus done,
Beneath the earth intomb'd they laid,
By charioteer Amphitryon.
For welcomed by the Spartan seed,
There his forefather lay;
Where, throng'd with many a snow-white steed,
Stretch'd forth the wide Cadmean way.

By him and Jove, Alcmena wooed,
Brought, at one pang, to light,
Of hero-twins her godlike brood,
Resistless in the fight.
Dumb is the man that doth not raise,
For Hercules, a note of praise;
Nor still, in mindful numbers, tell
The waters sent from Dirce's well,
That nurtur'd him and Iphicles;
Whom, oft as partial fates allow
Completion of some darling vow,
I hymn in grateful melodies.
Fail not the tuneful Graces with their light:
For in Ægina and by that famed peak
Of Nisus, thrice, I speak
Of honour for the city bravely won;
Reproach of mute inertness prompt to shun.
Wherefore or friend or enemy,
Who in one home together dwell,
Let none dare hide what he shall see
Wrought for the general vantage well;
Nor break that old sea-wizard's spell:
For e'en a foe he bade men praise
With all their heart and might,
Whose beauteous deeds a trophy raise
Upon the base of right.
Thee, Victor, oft admiring maids
Have mark'd in Pallas' sacred shades;
And silent breath'd a secret prayer,
It were their lot amid the rivals there,

O Telesicrates, to see
A husband or a son in thee:
Nor less in Elis; and such games
As the land deep-bosom'd claims;
And every sport, that calls around
The youth upon thy native ground.
Still the thirst of song t' allay,
Another tribute must I pay
To thy old ancestral story,
Waking up some tale of glory;
How to Antæus' town, there came,
Irassa, for the Libyan dame,
Suitors, fain away to bear
The glorious bride of tresses fair.
Kinsmen, chiefs, a numerous band,
And many a one from foreign land,
Her favour woed; for wonderful
In form she was; and each would cull
The bloomy fruitage, in that maid,
Of golden-crowned youth, display'd.
The father then, whose careful thought
For her a nobler wedding sought,
Had heard how erst, on Argive bound,
Danaus for his daughters found
(Twelve, four times told, were they)
Or ere the noon of one brief day,
Swiftest spousal. All the train
He at the goal did place,
And bade them in the race,
Whoever would the nuptial prize attain,

By speed of foot decide,
Whom each should hold, his destin'd bride.
E'en so the Libyan did a mate assign
Unto the damsel. Her he drest,
And for a limit, station'd at the line:
And in the midst did say
For him to lead away,
Who, foremost leaping, first had touch'd her vest.
Forth then Alexidamus sped
A momentary flight;
And, in his hand, the hand,
Taking of that virgin bright,
Her through the knightly band
Of Nomades he led.
They about him, as he past,
Many a leaf and garland cast:
And many a plume, his lot had been,
Of triumph, ere that day, to win.

PYTHIAN X.

Blest Lacedæmon! Happy Thessaly!
Both ruled by race of glorious Hercules,
From Aristomachus, one father, sprung!
But why my proem flung,
Out of due season, into vaunts like these?
Why, but that Pytho summons me,
With Pellinæum and Aleuas' sons;
Willing me lead for Hippocles along
The revel triumph and loud-warbled song.
For he hath known the relish of the games;
And mid the host of glad Amphictyons,
Parnassus from his holy depth proclaims
Him foremost in the course, of all the youthful throng.
Thou wast his prompter, Phœbus, and he owes
Th' event to thee. And sweet at every close
And onset of our deeds,
To feel a God that leads.
Nor less a kindred spirit bade him trace
His father's steps, whom wreaths Olympic grace,
When twice amid the clash of arms he trod;
Phricias, who proved his speed,
Like him, in that deep mead,
Whereon the low-brow'd rocks of Cyrrha nod.

May their fortune, as in prime,
Go on to bloom in after time.
All delightful things in Greece,
With full tribute, never cease
To bless their lot: no envious power
Dark'ning with change an adverse hour.
God be kind, and save from harm.
Bliss, that asks the Poet's charm,
Is his, whoe'er in lists enroll'd,
Stout of limbs, in courage bold,
Takes the trophies first decreed
For matchless hand or swiftest speed;
Yet still survives to mark with joy,
In Pytho crown'd, his fav'rite boy.
The heights of heaven they may not scale,
But far as mortals here below
Of glory, or of gladness know,
Has stretch'd their ventrous sail.
There is a wondrous path, that lies
To sports 'neath Hyperborean skies;
But neither bark may touch the shore,
Nor foot of man that realm explore.
Once to the hero Perseus there
Of old was giv'n the feast to share.
Ent'ring their halls he found prepared,
Of asses wild, a wanton herd,
For hecatombs that came.
Apollo, present at the rites,
Much in the banqueting delights,
And in the loud acclaim;

And laughing, sees the beasts that spring
With uncouth leaps and curveting.
Nor thence the Muse an alien, turns aside;
But all around, the virgin quires
Quick-glancing, and the din of lyres,
And warblings of sweet pipes are plied.
With braids of golden laurel twin'd,
Back their shining locks they bind;
And high the cheer at mirthful board,
With costliest viands, richly stored.
Disease nor age approaches near
The sacred race; nor toil they fear,
Nor furious battle; shelter'd still
From Nemesis to work them ill.
His heart to high adventure strung,
That band of blessed men among,
The son of Danae came, by Pallas led;
Then slew he Gorgon; and the head
With manes of dragons bristled o'er,
To dwellers on the island shore,
A stony death, he bore.
Wondrous the tale in sooth to tell;
Yet nought I hold incredible,
That through the Gods is done.
  Here slack the oar; and from the prow,
Swiftly to land our anchor throw,
A shelving rock to shun.
  For this glad bloom of praise
Hurries abroad my lays,
Like rushing bee, that wanders to and fro.

And yet I hope, my dulcet strain
Shall by Penëus flood again,
For Hippocles, awake;
And sons of Ephÿre prolong,
In anthems loud, the choral song,
For his fair garland's sake;
While young and old the rapture share,
And tender virgins own their care.
By various passions, love inclin'd,
Solicits variously the mind;
But each, as he attains
The end, his keen pursuits have sought,
Suspends the throb of aching thought,
Content with present gains.
Another year, and all it brings,
Is left for vain conjecturings.
No weak reliance mine;
The friendship of a gentle host,
My honour'd Thorax; he from whom I boast,
With these quaternion steeds,
The Muses' car divine;
Yoked by his zealous hand, who loves and leads
One prompt alike to lead and love in turn.
By touchstone tried, we learn
Lustre of gold, and of an upright mind.
Nor less our praise his noble brothers claim,
For that with righteous aim,
Thessalian law, by them advanced, they prize:
And of their cities, to good men, consign'd,
The dear paternal steerage lies.

PYTHIAN XI.

DAUGHTERS of Cadmus; Semele,
That dwell'st in heavenly bowers;
And Ino, hight Leucothoe
Mid the green Ocean's Nereid powers;
With Alcides' mighty mother,
Haste, near Melia, to the shrine,
Where golden tripods, one on other,
Pil'd through deep recesses shine.
There most the Loxian loves to dwell,
Naming his own Ismenian cell
The seat of that true oracle.
And hither now he bids your band,
Children of Harmony,
As, rank'd in glitt'ring files, the heroines stand,
Waiting your steps to join their festal glee;
That ye, of hallow'd Themis, loud may sing,
And of earth's navel, Pytho, judge of right;
Soon as the star of evening trims his light:
Lauding sev'n-gated Thebes and Cyrrha's ring,
Where Thrasydæus vanquishing,
With a third garland hung aloof,
Hath memoriz'd his father's roof;
In fruitful fields, where Pylades of yore
Welcom'd Orestes from the Spartan shore.
Him in that hour, when Clytemnestra's arm

With might resistless smote his father down,
His nurse Arsinoe sav'd from guileful harm,
While Priam's child, Cassandra, with the ghost
Of Agamemnon, to the shadowy coast,
Journey'd, of Acheron;
Sent by the ruthless Queen;
Uncertain, whether goaded by fell spleen
For Iphigenia, from her country far,
Slain by Euripus; or seduced by charms
Of nightly philtres in a stranger's arms:
No sin more odious in the youthful bride,
Or that from foreign tongues she less may hide;
And busy rumour tendeth to the worst:
For highest lot with envy most is curst;
And groveling spirits use to vent their hate
In blind surmises at their betters' state.

Therefore the hero son of Atreus bled,
When home to fam'd Amyclæ late he came;
And in his doom, the prophet damsel, led;
When he, for Helen, setting Troy on flame,
Had rid the stately houses of their pride.

The boy, while life was new,
At Strophius' home arriv'd (his aged friend,
Who did near steep Parnassus' foot abide)
There up to manhood grew;
Till he his mother slew,
And for Ægisthus wrought a fearful end.

O lov'd companions, hurried from the course,
I have been whirl'd in reckless speed away;
Or as when violent winds a vessel force
From forth her onward track unwares to stray.

But thee, my Muse, whose voice for fee is bought,
Behoves, for Thrasydæus and his sire
The Pythian victor, stir thy lab'ring thought:
Their fame and gladness burning like to fire.
Quick beam of conquest, on their cars, of old,
Glanced in Olympia, lightening every steed;
And Grecia's host, their naked forms behold,
Mocking, in Pytho's race, the rival's speed.
Be mine to love the lustre, heav'n bestows,
Of fair and beauteous; on pursuits intent,
Mine age befitting and within my powers;
Hating the tyrant's lot; as one who knows
That through the city, virtues eminent
In middle state unfold their goodliest flowers.
So in the general bliss my own enjoy'd;
I see dark envy by herself destroy'd.
Whoe'er, by fortune, highly blest,
In quiet hath the boon possest,
From hateful pride secure;
Arriving at death's gloomy bound
Can spy a brighter term beyond,
That shall unchang'd endure:
More than all wealth or power can give,
A name, with honour graced, to live,
By sweetest children, heir'd.
Such, Iolaus, thine,
To songs of bards immortal giv'n;
Such, Castor's; sprung of seed divine;
With thee, O Pollux; who divide
Your days alternate, and reside,
In Therapne the one, and one in heav'n.

PYTHIAN XII.

BESEECH thee, splendid one,
Fairest of mortal cities, seat divine
Of the lovely Proserpine;
That seest upon thy tow'red cliff reclin'd,
Along his pastoral shore,
Bright Agragas, beneath thee, wind;
With fav'ring smile, and Gods and men to friend,
Receive, O Queen, our crown, and this thy son,
Midas, who doth from Pytho wend,
O'er Greece triumphant, in the art
That Pallas whilom did impart,
Inwreathing, in a wondrous mood,
The direful wails of Gorgon brood,
From virgin heads of snakes distilling,
With sobs and singults wildly thrilling.
Gushing forth in fitful woe
She heard the drear enchantment flow;
Whenas the chieftain Perseus slew
The third among the sister crew;
Wreaking bitter scath the while
On Seriphus' sea-girt isle.
Their orb from Phorcys' monstrous race he reft;
And Polydectes rued
His baleful banquet and the mother left
In wedlock bonds and hopeless servitude.

Thus when Medusa's head he bare,
(His prize, with cheeks so dazzling fair)
Wrought Danae's son, he whom we hold
Born of the pure self-flowing gold.
The Guardian Maiden, when his toils were ended,
Breath'd into pipes the varied measures blended,
Mocking Euryala's lament,
From eager jaws in ceaseless clamour sent,
By tone of modulated instrument.
So she th' inventress was from heav'n;
By her to man th' invention giv'n,
Of many heads from whence it sprang,
She named the courage-breathing spell,
As through the slender brass, the music rang,
And through the reeds, that o'er Cephisus bending
Fast by the city of the Graces dwell,
To choral bands their faithful witness lending.
If any bliss for man there be,
He wins it not from labour free.
God, before sunset, if he will,
May the wished end fulfil:
But each their destiny awaits;
And Time, when most despair he threats,
Working his purpose late or soon,
Gives or defers th' unlook'd for boon.

NEMEAN I.

Ortygia, thou all-hallow'd breathing-place,
Where Alpheus lifts his weary head;
Syracusa's bloomy grace;
Delos' sister; Dian's bed;
From thee, preluding, sound the lays,
To Ætna's Jove a tribute meet,
In the mighty coursers' praise;
Swift as storms their rushing feet.
Wreaths of conquest, Chromius' car,
Woody Nemea's sacred bound,
Bid the minstrelsy prepare,
Breathing notes of triumph round.
Deep in the Gods' foundation lies
Our victor's worth divine;
By fortune rear'd, the summits rise
To crown the great design;
And high emprizes, ended well,
The Muse rememb'ring loves to tell.
Waking now a sprightly measure,
To that isle the boon consign,
Which th' Olympian of his pleasure
Gave to lovely Proserpine.
Above earth's regions he averr'd;
(His shaken locks confirm'd the word)

That by him advanced should be,
To plenteous wealth, fair Sicily;
Green her valleys; rich her bowers;
Her cities deck'd with costly towers;
Her people train'd, in brazen fight,
To rein the steed's impetuous flight,
And win full oft the crown that weaves
With gold Olympia's olive leaves.
No need of fiction's fancied store
To swell the flowing bliss with more;
As at friendly gates I stand,
With my tuneful harp in hand,
Where by bounteous host, prepared,
Seemly feast awaits the bard;
And the stranger oft resorts
From many a clime to throng the courts.
Blame comes not there; or sees expire,
Met by mild waves, her smould'ring fire.
To mortals, various gifts assign'd;
Behoves, but walk with upright mind,
And strive as nature wills.
Strength arms the brave; the prudent vies
In counsel, that with forecast wise
The destined end fulfils.
Agesidamus' son, in thee,
Both one and other fitly see
Their several uses join'd.
I praise not him, whose palace stored
Reserves unsunn'd the secret hoard,
For private aims design'd.

Riches, for happiness employ'd,
Are with applause of all enjoy'd;
By friends, that share them, blest.
For common hopes to man are given;
Labour his lot, by will of heaven;
And nought, for self, possest.
Worth the theme, on Hercules
Gladly doth my spirit seize;
From the records of old story,
Waking up a tale of glory:
How, escaped the mother's pang,
Into wondrous-gleaming light,
With his twin-born brother sprang
The son of Jove; and from the height,
Seated on her throne of gold,
How Juno did the babe behold,
Where wrapt from jealous eye of day,
In yellow swaddling-bands, he lay.
Forthwith the Queen, whom heav'n adores,
In angry mood, her dragons sent,
And rushing through the open doors,
To the wide chambers in they went;
Eager the children to enfold
With keen jaws in ravine roll'd.
But he, against them, raised upright
His head, and first essay'd the fight;
Grasping by their necks the twain
With hands they struggled from in vain.
They hung and gasp'd, till life was tir'd;
Then from enormous folds expired.

Opprest the women sank with dread,
That watch'd about Alcmena's bed;
For she unclad had leapt to scare
The serpents from her infant lair.
Swift the Cadmean princes, arm'd
In glitt'ring steel, throng'd in, alarm'd;
Amphitryon foremost of the ring,
His naked falchion brandishing,
Smitten with a pang severe.
Other's pain we lightly bear;
But the woes, that home befal,
Press alike the hearts of all.
He stood. Delight and wonder mix'd,
His step suspense, in silence, fix'd;
Surveying with a rapture wild,
The might and courage of his child:
And heav'n, beyond his utmost thought,
Had turn'd the fearful news to nought.
A neighbouring seer he summoned straight,
Tiresias, who best knew
To read the dark decrees of fate;
Of Jove, a prophet true:
Who, to him and all the host,
His fortunes did explain:
What monsters he shall slay by land,
And what amidst the main:
And who, with fell ambition flown,
Shall from a high estate be thrown,
To meet, beneath his righteous doom,
A bitter lot, a timeless tomb.

And last of all, on Phlegra's coast,
When Gods against the Giant host
Should stand in dread array;
That underneath his weapons, must
Their radiant locks be smear'd in dust,
Did that diviner say.
And he with peace, his lot to close,
Shall dwell for aye in sweet repose;
Amid those mansions wondrous fair,
A portion with the Gods to share;
And of his mighty toils the meed,
Hebe, the destined bride, shall lead,
In youthful beauty's bloom;
And the blessed spousals ending,
Near Saturnian Jove ascending,
Gaze round upon the awful dome.

NEMEAN II.

From Jove the bards of elder days
Began their bold Homeric lays:
E'en so hath he, our hero, thrown
His deep foundations of renown,
First conquering in that famous grove,
The holy seat of Nemean Jove.
And yet, if life have mark'd his road
The same that once his father trod,
A glory to fair Athens' bower;
Oft shall he pluck the Isthmian flower,
And conquest oft in Pytho won
Awaits Timonous' honour'd son.
Where shines the mountain Pleiads' star,
'Tis like Orion is not far.
A warrior may be nurst, I wis,
Upon the lap of Salamis;
And Hector, in the Trojan fray,
Could tell how Ajax stood the day.
Thy strength, O Timodemus, grows
Amid the brunt of rival blows.
Acharnæ well may boast of old
Her hardy sons in vigour bold.
How oft renown'd in noble games,
Thy race the meed of glory claims!

Cull'd from Parnassus' kingly brows,
The four-fold wreath their valour shows.
But chaplets eight, by Corinth, twin'd,
In Elis, did their temples bind;
In Nemea, seven. Number fails
To sum them in thy native vales.
The contest there to Jove belongs;
Raise then to Jove your choral songs.
And citizens, as home ye bring
The victor with glad welcoming,
Scatter ye notes of triumph round;
And soft and sweet the prelude sound.

NEMEAN III.

BESEECH thee, Muse, our holy mother,
This solemn moon, the Nemean feast,
Come to the Doric isle,
Resort of many a guest,
Ægina; since th' Asopian shores along,
Youths, that weave the honied song,
Stand, earnest waiting for a sound from thee.
This merit claims one meed;
That thirsteth for another.
But most the victor's toil
Delights in melody;
Meetest follower to succeed
Garland and heroic deed.
Of melody the dole
Pour ample from my soul:
But in preluding lays,
O Daughter, to the cloud-compelling Sire,
The sacred anthem raise.
So I to these again
Will echo on the strain,
Espous'd to voice and lyre;
And lovely shall the labour be,

Such as may grace the land, where dwelt of old
The Myrmidonians bold,
Whose seat of antique fame
Aristoclides' name
With no reproach shall stain;
In that rough dint so well did he endure.
And now he hath ta'en, on Nemea's plain,
Of wearisome blows a healthful cure,
Guerdon of beautiful victory.
  Though fair thou be, and deeds of might,
O son of Aristophanes,
Have answer'd to thy form,
Know, far out in the foamy seas,
The pillars of great Hercules
Confront the ocean storm.
These beyond, no sail may dare;
The Hero God hath fix'd them there,
Of his extremest voyaging
Illustrious witnesses.
Before him quail'd the monsters of the main;
And he, unbidden, sole, pursued
Of that wild marish every secret flood,
Until he reach'd the limitable bourne
That mark'd his late return.
  My spirit, to what far-off promontory
Hast thou too sail'd? To Æacus, the strain,
And to his race, I bid thee bring.
  A saying that, enroll'd
And worthily the flower of justice deem'd;

"Defraud not brave men of their glory."
Nor they for wisdom much esteem'd,
Who suffer zeal abroad to roam;
Search then for worth at home.
And thou hast here a fitting theme,
That something sweet may well beseem.
With courage of old endued,
King Peleus was glad at heart,
When his mountain spear he hew'd.
Alone from his army apart,
Ioleos he subdued;
And Thetis he won, his bride of the sea,
By a struggle of toil and jeopardy.
And Telamon, whose sway was wide,
With Iolaus at his side,
Laomedon o'erthrew;
And with him erst he sped
Against the steel-arm'd Amazonian crew;
Nor once the touch of soul-subduing dread
His hardy spirit knew.
Great is the power of inbred nobleness:
But he, that all he hath, to schooling owes,
A shallow wight, obscure,
Plants not his step secure;
Feeding vain thoughts on phantoms numberless,
Of genuine excellence mere outward shows.
In Phillyra's house, a flaxen boy,
Achilles oft in rapturous joy,
His feats of strength essay'd,

Aloof, like wind, his little javelin flew:
The lion and the brinded boar he slew,
Then homeward to old Chiron drew
Their panting carcasses.
This, when six years had fled.
And all the after time
Of his rejoicing prime,
It was to Dian and the blue-eyed Maid
A wonder, how he brought to ground
The stag without or toils or hound:
So fleet of foot was he.
Ere this befel, is yet to tell,
How that sage son of Saturn nurs'd
The gallant Jason first,
Within his stony cell;
And next Asclepius, whom he taught
The gentle lore of pharmacy:
And then in glad espousal gave
The pearly-wristed daughter of the wave,
For whom he nursled her heroic boy,
To goodliest thewes his spirit training;
That by the sea-blasts wafted under Troy,
He might await the shout
And spear-like clash of Lycian rout,
Dardan, and Phrygian; and sustaining
The banded Æthiops' rage,
Might with their javelins, hand to hand engage,
Bidding them hope to see no more
That fiery kin of Helenus,
Prince Memnon, on his native shore.

Hence, Jove, thou giv'st afar the light to shine
From these, the sons of Æacus:
For thine their blood; and thine
The contest, which our youthly band
In warbled hymn extol, the joyance of their land.
And now a loud acclaim
Befits Aristoclides' name:
For his the victor's crown;
And he hath wedded to renown
This island, and the Pythian's honor'd fane.
Proof at the last, alone, declares,
In merit who above his fellows shares;
A child amid the childish train;
A stripling with his peers;
And third with those of riper years:
Such several parts as here
Are to our mortal race assign'd.
And yet a fourth remains
For him that length of life attains,
Which bids him cherish most the prudent mind:
And this is drawing near.
Farewell, O friend. To thee I send
This chalice, honey with the white milk blended,
(The dewy bead-drop dancing round the brim)
A cup of praise and tuneful lays,
With breath of pipe Æolian tended.
It cometh late. But swift the eagle flies;
And glancing from afar,

He at one mighty blow
Hath pounc'd upon his prize:
The clamouring daws meanwhile pursue their prey below.
For thee, far-streaming o'er the Nemean land,
At throned Clio's high command,
In token of thy conquering might,
From Epidaurus and the height
Of Megara, looks out the jocund star.

NEMEAN IV.

No leech like mirth for labours at their close;
And Songs, the Muses' daughters bland,
Have charm'd them oft with deftest hand;
Nor to the wearied limbs such soft repose
Can waters warm bestow,
As the sweet praise that weds the lyre.
Words outlive the deeds they show;
So willing Graces aid the bard's desire;
And deep the heart, and prompt the tongue,
From whence his numbers flow.
  This strain be sung
A prelude for Saturnian Jove,
For Nemea, and the wrestler's prize,
By Timasarchus, won:
And let the splendour travel on,
By hospitable right
Resting a common light
Upon the turrets, that in beauty rise,
Mansion of th' Æacidæ.
  Were still Timocritus thy sire
Warm'd by the sun's enlivening fire,
He oft had struck the varied shell
Accordant to the swell
Of this glad hymn, that chants thy victory,

Sending thee pile of garlands wove
In Cleonæan grove,
And from famed Athens' sheeny bowers,
And the sev'n-gated Theban towers:
Since at Amphitryon's gorgeous tomb,
Not loth the sons of Cadmus to his bloom
Added fair flowerets for Ægina's sake.
For he had enter'd there
The hospitable wall,
A friend with friends, the feast to share;
And trod Alcides' stately hall,
He who with mighty Telamon
Sack'd of yore the Trojan town,
And the Meropian army spoil'd,
And that huge champion foil'd
Alcyoneus the dread;
Not ere first he had o'erthrown
Twelve four-yok'd cars with massy stone,
And heroes twice as many slain,
That drove them o'er the battle plain.
In war the man were all unread,
That fails to make this word his clue:
"Who acts, 'tis like, must suffer too."
But further of this tale to say,
Our statute hinders, and the speeding hours;
And round my heart, her witching pow'rs
The new-moon hanging, calls away.
Though thou with midway leap
Hast sprung into the deep,
Resist the spell; and we shall seem

To such as track our steps in spite,
Emerging into sudden light,
To daze them with the beam.
There is, with vision envy-fraught,
Who rolls in gloom a vain earth-groveling thought.
But me whate'er of good or great
Was given by imperial fate,
I know full well that coming Time
Shall to predestin'd ripeness bring.
And straight, my harp, thy Lydian chime
Plying, weave on sweetest string
A favourite melody,
Both for Œnone and the Cyprian isle.
There Telamonian Teucer hath command
Apart; but Ajax reigns
O'er his paternal plains
In Salamis; mid Euxine sea,
Achilles o'er his radiant isle;
And Thetis sways her Phthian soil;
And Neoptolemus the sceptre wields
Extended o'er Epirus' fields;
Where outstretch'd, the headlands steep,
By many a herdsman wander'd o'er,
Beginning from Dodona, sweep
Onward to th' Ionian shore.
But at foot of Pelion hill,
Iolcos tamed by warrior hand
Was giv'n, at conquering Peleus' will,
A slave to serve Hæmonia's band.

(Hippolyte, Acastus' bride,
By guile had roused the monarch's pride,
And Pelias' son, in ambush laid,
Sought his life with dædal blade:
But Chiron warded off the snare,
And brought Jove's destin'd lot to bear.)
He next the raging force of flame,
And sharpest claws of lions fell
And fangs of direst teeth did quell;
Then spoused the high-throned Nereid dame:
At their orbed table set,
The Gods of heav'n and ocean met;
He saw them at the banquet all;
He heard the words they say,
What gifts, what glory shall befal
His seed through many a circling day.
Lo! Gades, darkening in the west,
Our onward passage hath represt.
Ply then the cordage; backward strain
For Europe's shores again.
A task ne'er ended, should I tell
All that the sons of Æacus befel.
And to Theander's tribe I came,
A ready herald to proclaim
Each strength-inspiring game
In Elis, Isthmus, and the Nemean shade;
Whence, after trial made,
They to their home return'd,
Not without bloomy chaplets earn'd.

The rumour goes, thy native race,
O Timasarchus, know to grace
The victor's triumph in harmonious lays.
But if thou yet for Callicles, thine eme,
A pillar bidst me raise,
Whiter than Parian stone;
(Gold from the furnace throws out every beam;
And song, that singeth good men's praise,
Gives blessing equal to a throne)
A dweller he near Acheron
May find my lip prepared
To sound the garland green he shared
At Corinth on earth-shaking Neptune's strand.
Euphanes thy grandsire, boy,
Sang the daring feat with joy.
But still as others spring to life,
New coevals round them stand;
And each one deems o'er all advanc'd
The times, on which himself has chanc'd.
How he, Melesias who commends,
At least, may challenge strife;
Eloquent tongue, with subtle art
That well can play the wrestler's part;
To those, who gall him, rough of hand,
But gentle to his friends!

NEMEAN V.

No sculptor I, expect to place
The lingering statue on his base.
But hence, sweet song, away;
On every galley, every raft,
That loosens from Ægina's bay,
Wide abroad the tidings waft,
That Lampon's noble son,
Pytheas, in Nemea hath the garland won.
Or ere his cheek had shown
The mother of the fruit, the bloomy down,
He on that heroic band
Of Saturn, Jove, and golden Nereids sprung,
The race of Æacus, hath flung
New lustre; and advanced his native land,
That loves the alien guest to save;
She to whom, by will divine,
Was giv'n a nation frank and brave,
To lord it o'er the billowy flood,
What time around th' Hellenian Father's shrine,
(Their hands uprais'd to heav'n supine)
Endeis' goodly sons together stood,
With kingly Phocus, whom on ocean's shore
The goddess Psamathea bore.

By reverence check'd, I leave untold
A mighty deed, less just than bold:
How from their home they forth are gone;
What angry Genius drives them on,
When from Œnone forth the race of heroes flies.
Here will I pause. Her simple brow,
Not every truth may harmless show;
And to be silent, well to know,
Doth often mark the wise.
But if the glory of their days,
Their strength of arm, their steely war,
Be the chosen theme of praise;
Let any score a leap for me afar,
And he shall see
With what a lightsome knee
My bounding sinew springs.
The mighty eagle beats his wings,
And lo! he is beyond the sea.
Well pleased to them on Pelion hill
The Muses sang, a lovely quire;
And in the midst his sev'n-tongued lyre
Plying with golden quill,
Apollo every sweet division ran.
The hymn from Jove began:
Then told of Thetis, chaste and fair;
And Peleus; how for him a snare
Was woven by Hippolyte,
(Cretheus' delicate daughter she)
Who by a forged tale essay'd
Magnesia's monarch to persuade,

Her wedded lord, that Peleus strove
To win by guile her plighted love,
Wronging Acastus' bed:
The truth was other than she said:
For she with all her might and main
Had urged to him the suit in vain;
With wrath he heard and scornful pride,
(The shameless plea at once denied)
In awe of his avenging ire,
Who reigns the host-protecting Sire.
He out of heav'n beheld the deed,
Ruler of the powers above,
The cloud-compelling Jove;
Approval nodded; and decreed
One from out the Nereid train,
Beneath the whelming main
Who at their golden distaffs bide,
Thenceforth his destin'd bride;
And join'd in near affinity
Persuaded Neptune's self to be,
Who from Ægæ oft resorts
To the famed Dorian Isthmus, where the fife
Receives him with shrill sound,
A God, appearing at their sports,
While they in hardy strife
Of struggling limbs contend. All acts are found
Accordant with the genius at our birth.
Thou on Ægina's sacred earth,
Euthymenes, didst fall

Into the arms divine of victory;
And the triumphal hymn sounded aloud for thee.
And now, thy feats are o'er,
Pytheas a kindred glory proves;
Such favour finds he in the Nemean groves,
Such in the solemn moon that Phœbus loves.
The rival youths alike at home
He conquers, and where Nisus' comb
Slopes down the pleasant glade.
The city all, striving in noble deeds,
To me, rejoicing breeds.
Know thou hast won sweet guerdon of thy pains,
Not without Menander's aid.
And meet it is that he who trains
The wrestler, be from Athens brought.
If thou hast yet in thought
To laud Themistius in our strains,
Fearless exalt thy voice; the canvas spread
Unto the mainmast head;
Proclaim to all how he hath borne away
In sturdy blows and in the champion's fray,
At Epidaurus ta'en a twofold prize;
And doth at gates of Æacus suspend
The chaplets green with grassy dyes,
That auburn-tressed Graces tend.

NEMEAN VI.

One is the race of Gods and men;
And from one mother are we both descended:
But for the power; there the main difference lies:
These a mere nothing, born at once and ended;
For them, an indestructive mansion
Abideth in the skies.
Yet do we some likeness bear,
In what is wise and fair,
Unto th' immortals: though so short our ken,
We know not of this light,
Nor of the coming night,
What limit fate hath mark'd for us to run.
And now Alcimidas hath shown
Proof, whereby his kin is known;
As fruitful fields in turn
Give men, one while, to earn
Large harvest from the plain;
And, one while, rest again,
Their lustihood renewing.
From Nemea's lovely sports, in joy,
Home repairs the champion boy,
By will of Jove his lot pursuing;
A skilful huntsman to explore
His way in the wrestler's lore,

Tracking the steps that his father's sire,
Praxidamas, had trod before.
A conqueror he on Pisa's shore
Blossoms first from Alpheus bore,
Garlands for th' Æacidæ;
From Nemea, five; from Isthmus, three:
Chasing oblivion's gloom away,
That whilom on Soclides lay:
(From Agesimachus was he,
Eldest of the progeny.)
So three, triumphant in the game,
To the highest top of glory came;
Nor did their labours cease.
Another house thou mayst not find,
To which God hath in favour assign'd
More wreaths, for their prowess entwin'd,
Through the inmost depths of Greece.
I trust, if bold the word I say,
It hath not miss'd our aim.
Then, Muse, right on from the bow be thrown
The loud gale of a musical lay.
For when men pass away, of their deeds the fame
Lives enroll'd in story and song.
Not scanty such, the Bassidæ among,
Of old a famous clan,
Wafting their own high praise along;
Able many a strain to yield
To such as till the Muses' field,
When their gallant deeds they scan.

Thus his hand with gauntlet bound,
On Pytho's holy ground,
Did he the victory win,
Who call'd this blood his own,
Callias, dear to either twin
Of mild Latona, she
Who doth the golden distaff bear;
And next by Castaly
At eventide he shone,
Among the Graces fair:
And where the bridge bestrides
Ocean's unwearied tides,
In that three years' festival,
When for Amphictyons, slain
The high-bred bull doth fall,
Then honour'd he great Neptune's fane;
And erst his temples round
The lion's herblet bound,
Where ancient Phlius waves his shaggy brow.
On every side the ways are wide
For bards this goodly isle to praise;
Such copious theme for stately lays
Th' Æacidæ supplied;
And so clear their virtues beam'd.
O'er land and o'er sea their glory hath stream'd:
To the Æthiops' coast it leap'd,
When Memnon came not home:
Heavy the strife for them, I ween,
When from his chariot stepp'd

Achilles, and with weapon keen
Gave bright Aurora's son his deathful doom.
By those of elder time
Was trod this highway large,
Whom I pursuing, meditate my rhyme.
But the wave in the sea, we watch the most,
Is that by which our helm is tost.
On willing back, bearing a double charge,
I come; a messenger to say
That twice twelve prizes borne away,
In that right noble game,
Which boasts the holy name;
Another still, Alcimidas
Doth for his glorious kinsmen claim.
Of two fair flowers in Elis left
By the son of Saturn's shrine,
Thee, O youth! and Timidas
Hath random chance bereft.
To a dolphin in speed through the foamy brine
Melesias could I well compare,
He who guides aright his hand and might,
Like a quick-eyed charioteer.

NEMEAN VII.

Gentle Ilithyia, sitting
By the wizard Fates on high;
Infant babes to life admitting;
Thyself her child, who rules the sky:
But for thee, we had not seen
Dawn or sable night appear;
Nor ever had our portion here,
With Hebe, thy fair sister, been.
But not alike to all
Doth destiny befal,
And the first breath to each his several lot decrees.
By will of thine, Thearion's son
For prowess judg'd of high renown
The rival youths among,
Our noble Sogenes,
Is in the five-fold game, a victor, sung.
For he dwells in a city that loves
Sweet melody to hear,
Land of the sons of Æacus,
Who hurl the clashing spear.
On feats of high emprize
With willing hearts they tend;
And the Muses their floods of harmony blend
For him who hath won the prize:

Since darkness the high adventure dims,
If it lack the aid of holy hymns;
And for deeds, that fairest show,
One mirror alone we know;
When by help of her who wears
The coronal bright, Mnemosyne,
Man for his toil requital shares
In the famous songs of minstrelsy.
The wise have in mind the three days' wind,
That foretels the stormy rain;
And to them the care, how they then shall fare,
Is above the thought of gain.
The rich and poor, one doom
Leads to their common mark, the tomb.
But the fame, methinks, of Laertes' son
Hath his sufferings far outdone,
Through the sweet-tongued Homer's strain;
In whose fictions, quaintly wrought,
By the slight of airy thought,
A secret magic dwells;
For Genius, by a rare device,
Can the fond belief entice,
When his fabled lore he tells.
But blind is the heart of the crowd.
Were the truth to them allow'd,
Then in wrath for arms denied
Ne'er had the valiant Ajax riven
With griding steel his breast;
The mightiest man by far,
Save Achilles, in the war

To regain the fair-hair'd Spartan's bride,
Whom in vessels swift the straight blowing west
Had to Ilus' city driven.
With indistinguishable glooming
The wave of Hades onward flows,
Both for th' expectant, and for those
Who weet not of his coming;
But on the parting hero's head,
Honour by will of heav'n is shed.
To the great navel, therefore bound,
Of the wide-bosom'd ground,
Did the youthful warrior go,
Who lieth there the Pythian soil below,
Neoptolemus that laid
The town of Priam low;
Where toiling long the Grecians staid:
But sailing thence away
He miss'd of Scyros' isle,
Borne with his crew to Ephyre astray;
Then in Molossia, a brief while
He reign'd, but left for aye
His seed that honour to enjoy;
And to the God did bend his way,
Bearing treasures won from Troy;
And there in strife that for the victims rose,
One, whom he thwarted, pierc'd him with the sword.
Exceeding grievous was the chance to those
At Delphi, who array'd
The hospitable board.
But so the fatal debt he paid.

And it did thus behove,
In that most ancient grove
That some one of the' Æacidæ
Should, for time coming, be
Near the God's great habitation,
And in heroic pomps should hold his station;
Where solemn ward he keeps, and doth inspect
The sacrifices duly deckt.
No need of words to speak at large,
How strictly he maintains his charge.
The race, Ægina, that of thee
And Father Jove are come,
In splendid virtues yield us ample room
For praises, from their natal home.
But rest is sweet to all,
Be the work whate'er it may;
And even honey's self can pall,
And Venus' loveliest flowers decay.
From nature, different gifts we share,
And each unlike to others, are:
But to none of all that breathe,
May perfect bliss be given;
And I know not of any beneath,
Who hath had such lot from heaven.
Thearion, fate for thee prepares
Fitting means, for weal, assign'd:
Thy spirit, what is noble, dares,
Nor lacks thee answering ken of mind.
A guest am I; and shun to stain
My speech with slander dark and vain.

But, as water from the spring,
Praising the man my heart holds dear,
To thee true glory will I bring:
For such the guerdon of the good.
Achaian none beyond Ionia's flood
Might blame me, were he near.
In friends I trust; a noble band;
And in my home and native land
Around me look with visage clear,
Unboastful and sincere,
And all injurious thought withstand.
Be future days, as these, serene;
And let any, that knows me, say
If e'er I mar a tuneful lay
Made harsher by my spleen.
To thee, who by paternal line
Of Euxenus art sprung,
O Sogenes, I swear,
That not beyond th' appointed sign,
Like a brazen-headed spear,
My word at random hath been flung:
Thou, who or ere the midday heat
Upon thy frame could beat,
Didst from the wrestler's combat bring
A neck unmoisten'd by the swelt'ring dews,
(If toil it were, delight the more ensues)
Bear with me, even for thy conquering,
Though with a somewhat louder voice,
Exulting I rejoice.
No niggard shalt thou find me of the boon.

That easy task we leave,
Thy garland to inweave.
Defer the promis'd crown.
For thee, a gift more fitting,
The Muse herself is knitting,
Gold and white ivory and buds that glow
In the dew of the briny deep below.
And now remembering Jove
Upon the Nemean plain,
In many-voiced hymns roll out the solemn strain.
Behoveth on this ground
For the King of Gods above
To warble forth a heav'nly sound.
For at his coming, as they say,
And by his mighty seed,
Was made the gladsome mother
Of Æacus, who did the sceptre sway
Over the region far renown'd,
And was, O Hercules, to thee,
A zealous host, a gentle brother.
If man of man have need,
What shall we deem one neighbour to another,
Who loveth faithfully and well?
A joy, in sooth, worth every other:
And if a God the same should be,
Then Sogenes may dwell
Near thee, who didst the giants quell,
In safe prosperity;
Since, when he forth proceeds,
Like chariot-beam betwixt the steeds,
He hath on either hand thy goodly shrine.

Blest Power! meet is that thou persuade
Juno, her consort, and the blue-eyed maid.
And thou canst by thy might deliver
Mortals oft in doubt and sadness.
Be thou to these of bliss the giver;
And with continuous thread entwine
An honour'd age and youth of gladness.
And may their children's children ever
Have happiness, as heretofore,
Heapt up with aye increasing store.
Of me my heart shall ne'er report
That aught of Neoptolemus the lay
Hath utter'd in unseemly sort.
Thrice and again the same to say,
Were like that babbler old,
By whom his children still are told,
"Jove in Corinth holds the sway."

NEMEAN VIII.

Sweet Prime, thou herald of love's balmy joys,
That in a bashful guise
Dost on the lids of maidens' eyes
Seat thee, and of stripling boys;
Whom with constraining or severe or mild,
Each, their several way, thou bearest:
But happy they above the rest,
Who by no erring will beguil'd
Are of their hopes possest,
Desiring but what loveliest is and fairest.
And such the influence shed,
Over Jove and Ægina's bed
When Venus' guardians hover'd with glad wing;
And a son was born, of Œnone, king,
For wisdom and might, renown'd:
Him oft did many pray to see;
For of one accord and willingly,
The flower of heroes dwelling round
Did his behests obey;
In craggy Athens who held command,
And Pelops' sons in Sparta's land
Right gladly own'd the sway.
A suppliant to Æacus I come;

And touch his holy knees
Both for the city, and for these
Who call it their beloved home:
Bearing the Lydian mitre wound
With many a fold of mazy sound;
To Deinis and his father Megas, sent,
For Nemea's double lists a well-earn'd ornament.
Bliss, that for man by heav'n is set,
Will lastingly abide;
As the pile of wealth, that for Cinyras
Did in Cyprus' isle betide.
But I stand on light foot, and draw in my breath,
Ere I add a word beside.
The tale is old, and hath oft been told;
But inventions new devising
To make trial of them, is indeed
A perilous enterprising.
For on words like these the envious feed;
A plague, that fastens his fangs on the good,
And leaves the worse alone.
E'en on the son of Telamon
It fell, and stain'd the falchion with his blood.
One slow of tongue, but brave of heart,
Ill plays in that foul strife his part:
And mighty honour's chosen meed
To wily falsehood is decreed.
Thus did the Greeks, by secret vote,
Ulysses' worthless cause maintain;
While Ajax, reft of that gold armour-coat,
Was number'd with the slain.

Far different were the blows
By their dread spears inflicted on the foes,
Warring on the battle plain;
Both when Achilles lay
In recent slaughter dyed,
And many a well-fought day
Of bloody toil beside.
  Hateful of old the glozing plea,
With bland imposture at his side,
Still meditating guile;
Fill'd with reproaches vile;
Who pulls the splendid down,
And bids th' obscure in fest'ring glory shine.
  Such temper far remove, O Father Jove, from me.
The simple paths of life be mine;
That when this being I resign,
I to my children may bequeath
A name they shall not blush to hear.
Others for gold the vow may breathe,
Or lands that see no limit near:
But fain would I live out my days,
Belov'd by those with whom they're past;
In mine own city, till at last
In earth my limbs are clad;
Still praising what is worthy praise,
But scatt'ring censure on the bad.
For virtue by the wise and just
Exalted, grows up as a tree,
That springeth from the dust,

And by the green dews fed
Doth raise aloft her head,
And in the blithe air waves her branches free.
  Manifold are the vantages of friends:
In troubles most we want their aid;
Yet even fair delight
Would fain be set in sight,
And from another's eyes assurance gain.
  O Megas, from th' eternal shade
I may not call thy life again.
Our fonder hopes are vain
And frustrate of their ends.
  But for thy tribe, the Chariadæ,
The Muses' column let me rear,
Mid triumph loud and clear,
For the sake of their four-fold victory.
  I do rejoice to raise
A boasting in the praise
Of any noble thing.
For after toil, in tuneful strain
Man finds an anodyne for pain.
Far back in elder time
Was sung th' applausive rhyme,
Or ere the strife arose
Between the Argive king
And his Cadmean foes.

NEMEAN IX.

Our choral band by Phœbus taught,
Muses, we lead from Sicyon brought
To Ætna's new-built towers,
Where the portals, opening wide,
Suffice not for the tide
Of guests that throng to Chromius' happy bowers.
Ye the sweet strain begin:
For as his conquering car he climbs,
He beckons for our sacred rhymes
To the blest mother and each holy twin,
Joint watchers o'er the Pythian shrine.
When a brave deed is done, they say,
It should not on the ground
In blank oblivion fall away:
For then befits a sound
Triumphant of melodious verse divine.
But we will wake the pealing shell,
And wake the pipe to tell
Of that prime contest, which of yore,
With his swift-bounding steeds,
Adrastus for Apollo did ordain
Upon th' Asopian shore.
Prompted hence, our mindful strain
In honour of th' heroic chief proceeds;

Who then a king, in stately guise,
There with new solemnities,
And many a chariot proudly dight,
And listed fields for proof of might,
In open view did celebrate
The glory of his rising state.
For thither fleeing, had he come
From Argos and his native home;
Where seditious fury spred,
By bold Amphiaraus led;
And Talaus' race resigned their sway,
By the rife mischief forc'd away.
But one, with wisdom gifted, knows
A jarring conflict to compose.
They, as a solemn pledge, allied
To Oïcleus' son a beauteous bride
Eriphyle, skill'd to tame
Her wedded lord; and thus became
Themselves the foremost in the land,
Chiefs of Grecia's bright-hair'd band.
And last they led their leagued powers
To the sev'n-gated Theban towers.
No bird auspicious to their way
Marshal'd on the dread array;
Nor the Saturnian, out of heaven,
Whirling about his forked levin,
Cheerful sign at parting show'd;
But scowl'd upon their frantic road.
To rout and ruin manifest,
On with hasty strides they prest;

Steely armour gleaming bright,
And steeds caparison'd for fight.
Never from Ismenus' banks
Home they led their glist'ning ranks;
But with their corses there outspred
The white smoke's wreathy columns fed.
Sev'n pyres consumed them, side by side,
In youthful strength and beauty's pride.
But for Amphiaraus, Jove
With the all riving thunder clove
Earth's broad bosom gaping wide
Him and his plunging steeds to hide,
Or ever, on his back, the spear
Of Periclymenus imprest
A wound to shame a warlike breast.
For struck with panic fear
The Gods' own children flee.
If with the Fates' and thy good will it be,
Fain, O Saturnian Jove,
Would I afar remove
Of life and death such stern debate
With that Phœnician armament.
And long to Ætna's sons, I pray,
Be tranquil peace and order sent,
A boon from thee, to bless their state;
And festal joy and pleasure gay.
For there abides a noble race,
Who love the coursers' fleeting pace;
Whose spirits soar, with conscious pride,
Above the gold their coffers hide.

Some doubt the words: for lust of wealth
Bears honour off by secret stealth,
The power divine, who prompts the soul
Onward to glory's radiant goal.
Oh hadst thou stood by Chromius' side
Amid the battle's mingling tide;
At sea, on foot or foaming steed;
And mark'd aright his daring deed,
Thou wouldst have own'd that then (his breast
Of that good spirit still possest)
He turn'd with puissant arm afar
The plague and tempest of the war.
But few there are at once endued
With sage advice and fortitude,
The cloud of carnage back to throw
Pour'd on a proud insulting foe.
Such Hector's glory, when he stood
In triumph, near Scamander's flood.
And by Helorus' headlong shores,
Where the rough frith of Area roars,
In early age such splendour shone,
Agesidamus, on thy son.
Nor this alone, but other days,
Many a feat have I to tell,
That part on land befel
And part upon the neighb'ring seas.
By toils endured in youthful years,
Directed still by right,
The close of life an aspect wears
Of calmness and delight.

He may not doubt his share from heaven,
Of bliss a wond'rous portion giv'n.
For joining honourable fame
To plenty's ample store,
No limit lies beyond for aim
Of mortal to explore.
In quietness and gentle ease
The social board rejoices;
And recent conquest, more to please,
Asks help of tuneful voices.
When the full cup is standing near,
A falt'ring tongue forgets his fear.
Crown then the bowl for me;
And a sweet prophet it shall be
Of this our high solemnity.
Let the child of the vine, in his fitful mood,
O'er the silver goblets flame,
Which with garlands won of Latona's son,
To Chromius brought by his courses fleet,
From sacred Sicyon came.
Hear, Father Jove: and may this prowess gain
The Graces to the song,
For me to bid the victory live long,
Reaching the Muses' mark in mine adventurous strain.

NEMEAN X.

For the city, where, of old,
Danaus his seat did hold,
With his fifty daughters fair,
Throned each in gorgeous chair,
Argos, Juno's holy fane,
Graces, hymn the choral strain.
A million virtues here, from deeds of praise,
Dart their intermingling rays.
Long it were to tell the might
Of Perseus in the Gorgon fight:
Many a town, beside the Nile,
Built Epaphus, of stately pile:
Nor she, the single sword concealing,
When Death his work around was dealing,
Hypermnestra less shall claim
A guerdon for her noble name.
The blue-eyed Maid of the golden hair
Gave, Diomed, to thee,
Bliss and immortality
Amid the gods to share:
And earth, in Thebes, for Oïcleus' prophet son,
Split by Jove's hot thunderstone,
Closed upon a cloud of war.

And many a lovely-tressed dame
Here is number'd. Jove, that came
To Danae and Alcmena, knew
The fair memorial true.
Jove, for Adrastus' sire and Lynceus', join'd
The fruit of wisdom to an upright mind.
Amphitryon's spear he nurst;
And though in weal before all beings first,
Partook with him his mighty generation:
For when, in brazen armour, he was quelling
Teleboa's hardy nation,
The monarch of the gods into his dwelling
Came, like to him in form and face,
Bearing the dreadless seed of Hercules,
He, whose still-blooming bride,
By her great mother's side,
Thorough the Olympian hall doth pace,
Most beautiful of goddesses.
But 'twere a vain endeavour,
O Argos, to declare
All noble things, that ever
Have fallen to thy share:
And bards suspend the tale through fear
Lest mortals turn a sated ear.
Yet the well-strung lyre awake,
And thought of our brave champion take.
The steely contest summoneth along
The people's gathering throng
To Juno's sacrifice
And judgment of the prize,

Where in triumph, Ulias' son,
Thiæus, twice hath won
Of labours well endur'd a sweet oblivion.
Amid the Grecian band,
In Pytho, his, the victor's meed;
And for his brow decreed
At Isthmus, and on Nemea's strand,
He hath, from Fortune's hand,
The goodly chaplet ta'en;
Bidding for him the Muses toil,
Thrice, where the gates of Ocean stand;
And thrice upon the hallow'd soil,
Adrastus' fair domain.
O Jove, there dwells within his breast,
A vow by silent lips represt.
The sum of all our doings is in thee.
Of daring spirit tried,
His prayer he doth not hide,
Shrinking from peril. This a god may see;
And all beside, that aim
At sovereign conquest in the listed fields;
Whereof each other yields
To Pisa and Alcides' game.
Twice, but with distance due between,
For him did Athens' walls repeat,
At solemn rites, the anthem sweet;
When in earth aneal'd with flame
And vases quaintly wrought
With varied colours sheen,
To Juno's valiant people brought,
The fruit of olive, came.

Thiæus, your maternal line
Alike the frequent honour traces,
Won with the aid of willing graces,
And Leda's twin-born sons divine.
Might I, amidst my kindred claim
Thrasÿclus and Antias' name,
Through Argos' streets I forth would fare,
Nor veil mine eyes from any there.
How often victory's radiant flowers
Bloom'd around the Prœtian towers!
In Corinth, and Cleone's grove,
Four times was the garland wove.
Silver bowls from Sicyon,
Sparkling, on their table shone.
From Pellene's loom the vest
Floated o'er their ample breast.
Who shall tell the vast amount
Of their brazen spoils? or count
The trophies, that before them lay,
From Clitor, and from Tegea,
And the Achaian cities high,
And that hill, Jove's altar nigh,
Dark Lycæus: gifts, decreed
For puissant arm or foot of speed?
Nor wonder that in them innate
The champion's mighty power should be,
Since Pollux erst and Castor sat,
Dear guests, O Pamphaes, with thee.
For they by equal lot preside,
With Hermes and Alcmena's son,

In Sparta's meadows green and wide,
Where the blooming prize is won;
Still as with wakeful eye they shine,
Making the just their special care;
For nought more marks a race divine
Than that they always faithful are.
Their days with mutual interchange are spent;
One with Father Jove on high,
And one within earth's caverns pent,
In the glens of Therăpnæ.
Such their equal doom dispensed;
And this the life that Pollux chose
Rather than a god to be
And dwell in heav'n perpetually,
When Castor fell by blows
Of Idas' javelin, for his herd incensed.
As from Taÿgĕtus around he spied,
Lynceus, of mortals, keenest-eyed,
Had seen them ambush'd in a hollow oak.
On speedy foot forthwith they ran,
And swift their deed of blood began,
Those sons of Aphareus; on whom
Jove signal vengeance took.
For, after them, flew Leda's son;
And they, beside their father's tomb,
Stood to bide his coming on.
Snatching thence a carved stone,
The scutcheon of the dead,
They, at the breast of Pollux level'd it:
But him they did not bruise,

Nor forced a step retreat.
Then rushing on with violent spear,
In Lynceus' sides he drove
The steely point: while Jove,
On Idas, thunder dire
Flash'd, in whose smould'ring fire,
Deserted and alone, both perish'd there.
So ill are like to fare
Who levy war against their better's head.
Back to his brother, Pollux strode in haste,
Whom not yet dead he found,
But stretch'd upon the ground,
With short breath, shudd'ring, all aghast;
And dewing his warm tears with many a groan,
Aloud he made his moan.
"Oh Father Jove! what end
Shall to this anguish be?
Command death too for me
With him, O King! Honour no more is left
To one of friends bereft;
And few of mortals faithful are to lend
Their succour in calamity."
He ended; and before him stood
The Almighty Sire, and thus
Was heard in answering voice:
"Thou art my son: but him of mortal brood,
Engender'd after thee,
Thy mother to her husband bare.
But come: of these things yet I give thee choice.
If thou the doom of death

And hated age wouldst flee,
And in Olympus still abide with us
And Pallas and stern Mars of ebon spear;
This henceforth is thy lot.
But for thy brother if thou yet dost fight,
And art resolved of all
T' allow him equal share,
Then under earth, o'erwhelm'd,
Thou half thy days must breathe,
And half in heav'n amidst our golden hall."
Such were the words: and he
In counsel waver'd not,
But straight unclosed the sight
And then the voice of Castor brazen-helm'd.

NEMEAN XI.

DAUGHTER of Rhea, who by lot
At the high seat of Justice dost preside,
Sister of Jove and of his throned bride,
Vesta, to thy mansion brought
Arcesilaus' son receive benign,
With his associate band;
And near thy beaming sceptre let them stand,
Who honouring thy power divine,
Safety and peace in Tenedos maintain,
Thee first of Goddesses, with many a rite,
Libation and the steaming smoke
Of sacrifice invoke,
And mingle with loud harps the festal strain;
Where with still-flowing plenty stor'd,
Of Jove is spred the hospitable board.
  Grant that with glory and unchang'd delight
He may his annual course complete.
  Nor less his sire I greet
With rare endowments blest,
A frame by beauty stampt and courage-armed breast.
  But if to any wealth befal,
If grace supreme his form enfold,
And in the games his vigour probed

Bear from contending crowds the prize away;
Let him remember he is robed
In limbs of mortal mould,
And must put on, the end of all,
A vesture of dim clay.
Yet should he have the meed of fair renown
Amid his countrymen, and hear
The voice of honied songs tun'd to his praise.
  Thee, Aristagoras, thy vict'ries raise,
Thee and thy country; for the crown
Full oft the neighbour coasts have seen thee wear,
Won in the wrestler's hardy game,
And in the five-fold contest, path of highest fame.
  Still had his parents' tardier hope
Forbad his youthful strength to cope
On Pytho or Olympia's plain.
For by th' Immortals I maintain,
That from Castalia's rill
And Saturn's woody-crowned hill,
With nobler honours he had come
Than all his rivals home,
The five years' feast to celebrate
Where first Alcides sat;
And wreath'd his locks with purple bloom.
  But one, o'erweening confidence
Hath from his better fortune thrown;
While in another, want of spirit
And of his own deserts too mean a sense
Conspire to rob him of his merit,
And with retarding hand have held him down.

Yet was it easy to divine
His worth, who Spartan blood can boast,
Sprung of Pisander's line,
(For leading here the brave Æolian host
He from Amyclæ with Orestes came)
And by maternal ancestry allied
To Melanippus, name
Mingled with Ismenus' tide.
The virtues, that our great foreſathers own'd,
As man's successive tribes appear,
Come round, and grace again their progeny.
Not evenly are the black furrows crown'd
With harvest through each year,
Nor plants afford the scented flower
Equal in richness, but alternately.
E'en so hath fate's high power
Of human strength decreed.
But from the Lord of heav'n,
Of what shall next succeed
No sure presage to man is given.
Meanwhile to great emprizes forth we go,
Revolving mighty schemes with anxious minds:
For hope the frame in strong enchantment binds,
And far remote the streams of prudence flow.
Better with moderate aim to urge
The fond pursuit of glory or of gain.
Keener madness guards the verge
Of that we love but never may attain.

ISTHMIAN I.

THEBE, my mother, that dost shine
Waving aloft thy shield of gold,
My ready care from work of thine
No want of leisure shall withhold.
Nor craggy Delos angry be
That I her task suspend for thee.
What nearer to a virtuous heart
Than love of parents dear?
Stand then Apollo's isle apart;
A higher claim is here.
And yet, if Gods befriend,
I will yoke either duty in the end;
Praising both unshorn Phœbus in my strain
Amid the sailor band
Of Ceos girdled by the flowing main,
And Corinth's jutting strand;
Since from her sports six garlands come to grace
The brave Cadmean race,
And that triumphant town adorn,
Where Alcmena's son was born,
He, by whose dauntless arm o'erpower'd
The savage dogs of Geryon cower'd.

So to Herodotus my lay
Shall a debt of glory pay
For the chariot that his reins
Guided deftly o'er the plains;
With Castor, worthily enroll'd
In song, or Iolaus bold.
For they of all th' heroic crew
In Thebes or Lacedæmon, knew
Best the rapid car to guide;
And most in hardy games they vied;
With tripods and with cauldrons stor'd,
Their halls were deck'd, a splendid hoard,
And golden goblets mix'd between;
Their brow enclasp'd with garlands sheen.
First in the naked course they spring;
First in the race where bucklers ring.
How glanced their hands! their javelins flew!
And when the stony quoit they threw!
The five-fold contest was not yet;
Each labour in itself complete:
Whence ofttimes they with leaflets green
Their temples shaded o'er,
And were by floods of Dirce seen
Or on Eurotas' shore,
Iphicles' son, (with Theban blood
Of one same race was he)
And that Tyndarid boy who held
His lofty seat in Therăpnæ.
To both farewell. My song is bound
For Neptune and the Isthmian mound;

And where Onchestos' beach the pebbly surges
lave;
That our victor thence may have
Honour from his sire renown'd,
And from the blest paternal ground,
That in Orchomenus receiving
Him from tempest shelter'd well,
When on his piteous plank came heaving
Unmeasured ocean's angry swell.
But now indulgent fate that smil'd
Upon his natal hour,
Has lull'd to calm the waters wild,
And brings him peace once more.
And stormy troubles past away
Leave forecast for a future day.
Her aims if Virtue to advance
Nor cost nor labour spare,
Behoves without an envious glance
The noble triumph bear.
For light the gift; when in reward
Of many toilsome days,
A common trophy, by the bard,
Is rear'd; a word of praise.
Each mortal hath his proper gain,
And each is pleased; the shepherd-swain,
Ploughman, and fowler, and who braves
For sustenance the briny waves:
One general care in all to ward
Dire famine off by effort hard.

Not so in listed field, who tries,
Or war, to win the lovely prize;
His highest recompense is found
In glory's sweet enlivening sound;
Of fair applause the flower and prime,
At home or in a foreign clime.
But behoves us to the Power
Near at hand, who shakes the shore,
Saturn-born, that best can speed
The chariot and the winged steed,
For his favours to prolong
Tribute of a warbled song;
And invoke each noble son
Sprung of thee, Amphitryon;
And Minya's winding dark retreat,
And Eleusis the fam'd seat
Of Ceres, with Eubœa's plain,
Where round the goal the coursers strain.
And yet I add thy name divine,
Protesilaus; and the shrine,
Achaia's hosts have raised to thee
With zeal devout in Phylace.
But all that Hermes, active God,
Who doth in sports excel,
Hath on Herodotus bestow'd,
To train his noble coursers well,
This, my brief song forbids to tell.
But there doth oft in silence live
A comfort words might fail to give.

Him yet may tuneful Muses bear
Wafted on glittering wings in air;
His hand from Pytho fenced about,
And with plants select, that sprout
By Alpheus' stream; intent to raise
Sev'n-portal'd Thebes to worthy praise.
He, who his wealth in secret hides,
And with insulting taunt derides
The virtuous or the poor,
Considers not that he doth owe
A soul to Pluto's house below,
Unhonour'd and obscure.

ISTHMIAN II.

THEY of the antique time,
O Thrasybulus, who did climb,
Grasping their tuneful lyre,
Into the golden-braided Muses' wain,
Aim'd their notes of soft desire,
Wherever in her liquid youth
The love-inviting bloom
Of beauty call'd the strain.
No lover then of sordid gain,
No hireling was the Muse:
Nor did Terpsichore presume
To trick her venal songs in silvery hues,
Trilling melodious measures sweet and vain.
But in this latter age,
That saying of the Argive sage
Comes nearest to the truth:
Who cried, when wealth and friends at once were flown,
"Man's worth is in his gold."
Nor this, thy wisdom need be told;
Nor sing I aught to thee unknown,
That garland, to Xenocrates,
By the Sovran of the Seas,

With Doric herblet, sent, to bind
His tresses for the conquest twin'd,
Which with fleet steeds on Isthmus' shore
By favour of the God he bore;
Greeted in his goodly car,
Agrigentum's radiant star.
Nor less to him did Phœbus yield
Honour in the Crisan field;
Or when Erectheus' sons decreed
To grace his name a glorious meed,
And he in sheeny Athens knew
How deftly urged his coursers flew;
So well Nicomachus applied
The shifting reins on every side.
Him too the heralds of the Hours,
The men of Elis, ministers of Jove,
Requited for his hospitable love;
And when in golden victory's lap he fell,
In their own land, th' Olympian monarch's bowers,
Bade the sweet notes of triumph swell;
Where with undying fame renown'd,
Ænesidamus' sons were crown'd.
For not unknown to warbled lore,
O Thrasybulus, heretofore
Your walls with revels loud have rung,
And echoed as the minstrel sung.
And sooth nor steep nor rough the way
To any that would bring

For spirits elect, a tuneful lay
From Heliconian spring.
  Yet far the roving shaft must fly,
That fain would reach a mark so high
As Xenocrates doth rise
O'er all in gentlest courtesies.
  Still as Grecia's rule ordain'd,
His zeal the noble steed has train'd;
And every God at feast divine
Has seen him clasp the holy shrine.
Nor ever at his board, the gale
Of cheerful plenty slacks the sail,
In summer-tide to Phasis steering,
To Nile, when winter-winds are veering.
  Not now, because in sons of earth
Envy's cloud the spirit dims,
Let him conceal his fathers' worth,
Nor these my votive hymns:
For I have wrought them not to stay,
All motionless at home.
  Thus much I charge thee, Nicasippus, say,
When thou in presence of my host shalt come.

ISTHMIAN III.

THE man, whom Fortune hath assign'd
A wreath in listed fields entwin'd,
Or wealth that ne'er has fail'd,
Who yet his pride of spirit quells,
Merits by all mid whom he dwells
To be with blessings hail'd.
Jove! our greatest virtues, we
Mortal beings owe to thee.
Bliss thrives with such as fear thy sway,
But from the froward falls away.
The brave and good, in warbled strains,
Should win requital of their pains,
And wafted by the choral throng,
Be borne in graceful pomp along.
And a twofold prize hath Melissus ta'en,
That his heart may with gladness swell;
For his are the garlands on Corinth plain;
And late in the deepsome dell,
Where Nemea's lion shook his mane,
He bade the Theban triumph ring;
In the fleet course conquering.
He, for prowess, doth not shame
The noble lineage whence he came.

Ye ken with what renown, of old,
Cleonymus the chariot roll'd;
And how his mother's stem, that trace
To Labdacus their kingly race,
With yoked steeds in rich array,
Through toils and honour bent their way.
But many a change is wrought on earth,
As ceaseless years go round,
Where only they of heav'nly birth
Escape without a wound.

ISTHMIAN IV.

By will of heav'n the way is wide,
That round me lies on every side,
Melissus; such facility of song,
Upon the Isthmian field,
Your high adventures yield,
As to Cleonymus ye trace
The virtues, which his noble race,
With God's help, thriving still, to life's last end prolong,
Else diversly the shifting gale,
On mortals rushing, driveth them along.
But they of old, in Theban story,
Hold the stedfast rank of glory,
Guests, honour'd at th' Amphictyons' board;
Who jarring strife have still abhorr'd.
Nor they in aught of merit fail,
Whate'er by testimony of men
Deceas'd or living, breathes of highest note;
In manly courage, reaching far
As from their home th' Herculean pillars are:
No further seek thy virtues to promote.
And they the generous steed did train,
And pleas'd the brazen God of war.
But sudden fell the stormy hail

Of battle, sweeping in one day
Four spearmen from their hearth away.
And now the wintry darkness past,
As the changeful months go round,
They like the spring with purpling roses crown'd,
Have blossom'd once again:
For so the Gods ordain:
Since he, by whom the earth's foundations fast
Are shaken, whose abode
Is at Onchestos and the wide
Sea-bridge that severs Corinth's tide,
Hath on their race bestow'd
The panegyric song in wonderous wise.
And of their noble deeds the antique fame,
That long in slumber lies,
Doth at his bidding rise,
And shows her goodly frame
Shining like Phosphor mid the starry host.
She on the fruitful coast
Of Athens, did their conquering car proclaim;
And in Adrastus' game,
At Sicyon, such leaves she gave
As Poets gather'd then.
Nor from the thronged plain,
Where universal Greece her sons beheld,
Their chariot they withheld;
But with equipment brave
Of steeds in proud array,
Were seen rejoicing on her festal day.

They, who their puissance never try,
Are lost in dumb obscurity;
And such, as strive, may haply meet,
Before the end, some strange defeat.
For Fortune at her will bestows,
On mortal works, the appointed close.
And sometime have the better men,
Through guile of worse, supplanted been.
Ye know the warlike might
Of Ajax, how at dead of night
By his own sword he fell;
Reflecting bitter shame
Upon the Greeks, as many as to Ilion came.
But Homer on the sounding shell
Honour'd him; and bade his name
Rescued live in stately rhymes,
A favourite theme for after times.
For never shall the deed expire,
Entrusted to a master's lyre,
From whose diviner strain,
Over land and thorough main,
Travels on, and beams for aye,
An inextinguishable ray.
So, lighted by the Muses' aid,
Shine the beacon of our song;
For Melissus, while we braid
A victorious diadem
Worthy of Telesias' stem.
Courage his to meet the shocks

Of adverse fortune, such as arms the breasts
Of lions roaring in their savage might;
In subtlety, a fox
Thrown on his haunches to arrest
A clanging eagle's downward flight.
But every art is meet,
That works a foe's defeat.
For he hath not Orion's lusty thewes.
Yet one, with scorn that views
His mean aspect, shall dread him in the fight.
So from Cadmean Thebes of yore,
On Libya's harvest-waving shore,
Appearing at Antæus' door,
A wight of stature brief there stood,
But dauntless in his hardihood;
Resolv'd in equal lists to quell
The surquedry of giant fell,
Who roof'd the high Neptunian fane
With skulls of strangers foully slain.
Alcmena's son was he; who trac'd
The breadth of Ocean's hoary waste,
And every land's remotest bourne;
And smooth'd the sailor's safe return:
Then to Olympus went,
Where by his Ægis-bearing sire
Content he dwells in blissful sheen,
Whom th' immortal peers do love;
With Hebe for his spouse;
Lord of the golden house,
And step-son to heav'n's queen.

To him th' Electran gates above,
We pay our due solemnities,
And crown the board with feasts divine,
And hang with freshest wreaths the shrine;
Swelling our city's stated obsequies
To those eight steel-clad warriors dead,
His seed, from Creon's daughter, bred:
To whom, when evening's beam declines,
The ruddy flame ascending shines,
Throughout the night continually,
With odorous vapour eddying up the sky:
And on the morrow's dawn, succeed
The games, in annual course, decreed;
A work of prowess; whence our chief,
Crown'd with the myrtle's paly leaf,
His two-fold victory hath shown,
(A third in early boyhood won)
Trusting the pilot's skill to steer
Along the lists his voyage clear.
With Orseas for him I raise
A carol sweet of votive praise.

ISTHMIAN V.

Thou many a sacred title blending,
Theia, mother of the Sun,
Who prime of treasures here below
Giv'st the golden ore to flow;
At thy beck, O queen, contending,
Ships o'er main and cars on plain,
In their sharp-eddying course, admired run.
And he no less hath glory won,
Who binds his locks with many a brede
For strength of arm or foot of speed.
When man avails, his might is from above.
Yet by a two-fold gift alone
Is our life's flow'r consummate and full-blown,
If any wed to fortune fair renown.
Aspire not to be Jove:
And know that thou hast all,
If to thy share these goodly partners fall.
Mortals a mortal lot must prove.
For thee, a double wreath in Isthmus lies,
Phylacidas; and Nemea yields,
On her all-conquering fields,
For Pytheas and for thee, like radiant prize.

My heart no hymn enjoys,
Th' Æacidæ unsung.
But now with grateful tongue
On Lampon's sons I wait,
In this well-order'd state,
Where if the dwellers turn
To virtue's pure heav'n-prompted ways,
Unenvied may their merits earn
The chalice of rich praise.
For heroes stout on battle plain
Have deem'd the tuneful song a gain;
And pipe and harp with mingling chime
Waft glory down the stream of time.
Fit theme for bards, by will of heaven,
Amid Ætolia's blazing rite,
Have the bold sons of Œneus given;
And Iolaus, warrior knight,
In Thebes is sung of yore;
Perseus, in Argos; and the seed
Twin-born of Leda, on the mead
Along Eurotas' shore.
But in Œnone most
Of Æacus we boast,
His mighty heart, his valiant line,
Who twice in battle sack'd the Trojan town;
First when Alcides led them on,
And Atreus' sons the next.
And now a bolder flight be mine.
Say, who were they that Cycnus slew?

Who they that Hector's might o'erthrew,
And leader of the Æthiop crew
Undaunted Memnon in his mailed coat?
Who, Telephus the brave,
Beside Caïcus' wave,
With his own javelin smote?
They who proclaim their native soil
Ægina's noble isle.
A tower ascendeth there
For valour's stately step to climb.
Still many a shaft of sounding rhyme
Stands trembling on my lip
Their glory to declare.
City of Ajax, thou might'st witness bear,
Thou Salamis, who late hast stood,
Supported by thy sailor-band,
When Jove dealt out that deathful stower
Of hosts unnumber'd, on the land,
A hurtling storm of hail and blood.
Yet oh! the boastful tale in silence drown.
Jove dispenseth as he wills;
Jove, lord of all, his great behest fulfils.
Honours such as now we sing
Ask the honied dew of spring
Their triumphing to crown.
Haply so may others rise
Ardent for the high emprize,
Taught by Cleonicus' race.
Patient Toil with no blind sight

His guerdon claims; and hopes allied
To liberal largess at their side,
Repent not of the chase.
  Nor Pytheas' praise, the strain shall hide,
Who for Phylacidas hath known
To mould the limb and guide
The glancing blow aright.
For him receive the crown;
For him the wool-entwined mitre bear;
And a new-winged song with these together fare.

ISTHMIAN VI.

As at a feast, when cheer runs high,
This second cup of minstrelsy
We mingle for the hardy race
Of Lampon: thine, O Jove, the first;
When the prime of garlands, nurst
In Nemea, did the triumph grace:
Now to the Sovran of the seas,
And his fifty Nereides,
For the Isthmian meed, his son
Last born, Phylacidas, hath won:
And may we yet, a third fulfilling,
For the blest Olympian Power,
With songs, the honey-dew distilling,
Sprinkle round Ægina's shore.
If there be one, intent on praise,
Who loves to live laborious days,
And scatter wealth around;
If fate his aim with glory crown;
That mortal hath his anchor thrown
At fortune's utmost bound:
Deep-laid in heav'n his virtues lie,
And Gods regard him from on high.
With thoughts like these his soul t' engage,

Doth Cleonicus' son implore
The coming on of silvery age,
And Hades' final hour.
And I, with suppliant voice addrest,
On Clotho and her sisters call;
That, mindful of the high behest,
They grant his wishes all.
Ye sons of Æacus, that flew
Each in his golden car, to you,
In chief, I own the numbers due,
As I, this island pacing o'er,
A flood of blessings round me pour.
Million ways are stretching wide,
Full of fair deeds on every side,
Cut in lengthen'd lines that mount
Beyond the Nile's remotest fount,
Or where the shadowy regions far
Spread beneath the northern star.
Nor one, the distant tribes among,
So wild or so uncouth of tongue,
That hears not of Peleus' story,
Hero, match'd with Gods in glory,
Or of Ajax the renown,
And his father, Telamon,
Whom with Tirynthians led to Troy
For brazen fight Alcmena's boy,
Associate of his hero-band,
That sail'd to wreak upon the land
Vengeance for injustice done
By the proud Laomedon.

Then did he on Ilion seize;
And slew with him the Meropes;
And that herdman, whom he found,
Alcyoneus, on Phlegra's ground,
Towering like a mountain high;
Him did Hercules defy;
Nor spared against the monstrous foe
His hands the deeply-twanging bow.
But ere they swept the briny seas;
Calling on Æacides,
Loudly he summon'd all away.
The ready feast before them lay.
As he stood in lion-skin;
For him, libation to begin,
Noble Telamon at board
Had a nectar'd draught outpour'd,
And given in his grasp to hold
The massy goblet rough with gold.
He his unconquer'd hands outspred
To heav'n; and word like this he said:
" Father Jove, if ever thou
Hast heard with willing mind my vow,
Indulgent to the forceful prayer,
For this man now ordain an heir
From Eribœa; one to me
A friend and guest; and let him be
Of his stature firm and stout,
E'en as this lion's hide about
Enfolds me, whom I erst did slay,
First of my toils, in Nemea;

And like in courage." At the word
Jove sent forth his own great bird,
The kingly eagle. Him the sign
Thrill'd at heart with joy divine.
And by prophetic rapture fired,
He spake like holy man inspired:
"Lo there shall be to thee a son,
Such as thou askest, Telamon:"
And from the winged messenger,
Bade him the lordly title bear,
Ajax, terrible in fight,
Stretching far his matchless might.
He said and sat. For me were long
To tell the warlike deeds in song.
For Phylacidas, our strain
Leads, O Muse, the revel train,
For Pytheas and Euthymenes.
Brief, as Argive speech, for these
Glide the numbers. Chaplets three
At Corinth speak their victory;
Others, from shady Nemea won
Eme and either noble son.
How many a hymn, awaked to light,
Rose to meet their presence bright!
Who o'er their fathers' tribe diffuse
The willing Graces' fairest dews;
And in Themistius' home restored,
Worship Gods their sires adored.
Lampon meanwhile, with deep regard,
Quotes to his boys th' Ascræan bard,

"Zealous heed in works," commending;
Nor less his own example lending;
The common boast, at home, revered;
Abroad by courtesy endear'd;
Still moderate in deed and thought,
He lives the life his lessons taught.
Amid the champions thou wouldst say
He was a Naxian stone,
To wear the steel's rough edge away,
And sharpen courage on.
Such they; and I will bid them drink
Waters pure from Dirce's brink,
Which those daughters fair and free
Of golden-veil'd Mnemosyne
Have waken'd from their secret cell,
Where Cadmus' gates in beauty dwell.

ISTHMIAN VII.

In whom, O Thebes, of all the host,
In antique days renown'd,
That trod thy sacred ground,
Hath thy blest spirit joy'd the most?
Whether when first thou gav'st to light
Him, who his seat possesses
Next timbrel'd Ceres in those regions bright,
Bacchus of wide-clust'ring tresses?
Or at the night's mid hour,
When in a golden shower
The mightiest of the Gods receiving,
Thou brought'st him to Amphitryon's bower,
With that fair bride th' Herculean germin leaving?
Or in the ample mind
Of thy Tiresias? or the might
Of Iolaus, warrior knight?
Or their's, who from the furrows rose,
Clashing their spears in hostile rows?
Or when thou sentest from the stormy fight
Adrastus home to Argian fields again,
Leaving on the battle plain

His myriad friends behind?
Or when that Dorian colony
Thou on their firm-fix'd base
Didst in Laconia place;
And Pytho's oracle,
In Amyclæan turrets, gave to dwell
The sons of Ægeus, sprung from thee?
But (since old favour falls asleep,
And mortals in oblivion steep
Whate'er, not yok'd to sounding rhyme,
Hath fail'd to win in wisdom's flower
A charm against the flight of time)
Loud then the festive measure pour,
In a sweet-warbled hymn,
Strepsiades to hail.
For, in the Isthmian vale,
He bears the prize of hardihood away;
And stout alike of limb
And goodly-fair in feature,
A prowess doth display
That hath not sham'd his nature:
And him the Muses of the violet hair
Have taught their holy flame to share;
While he reflected lustre throws
On his like-named eme,
Who met, within the serried lines,
Such fate, as brazen-shielded Mars assigns:
But honour is laid up a guerdon for the good.
And this the man may trust full well,

Who, in that cloud, a hail of blood
Doth for his much-lov'd land endure,
Turning the plague against her foes;
For him, that glory's beam,
Upon his native shore,
Still waxing brighter glows,
Both when he lives and is no more.
  Son of Diodotus, thou lov'd'st to tell
Of Meleager; lov'd'st to tell
Of Hector, and, that prophet brave,
Amphiaraus: then, as they,
Thou didst breathe out thy prime of life
Amid the foremost strife,
Where, but the sturdiest, none withstood the fray;
When hope no more was fain to save;
And sorrow closed the day.
  But now the ruler of the seas
Hath brought me calm after a storm;
And I will sing; and, singing, form
Thy tresses to the wreath.
Nor envy in immortal bosoms breathe,
If of each day the pleasure wooing,
And bliss with quiet heart pursuing,
I journey on to age and my last hour in peace.
  For all alike the fated time remains,
Their destiny unknown;
And he, who aching vision strains,
Is short of God's eternal throne.

The winged Pegasean steed,
Bellerophon his master, threw,
When upwards to the stalls of heav'n he flew
Deeming in Jove's full council to alight.
But still for sweet, disjoin'd from right,
Is bitter t end decreed.
Thou, blooming with the golden hair,
O Loxian, next, in lists thou call'st thine own,
To us, of flow'rs enwoven fair,
Vouchsafe the Pythian crown.

ISTHMIAN VIII.

Some one amid your bands,
Ye striplings, hie with speed,
Where Telesarchus' porch in splendour stands;
And for Cleander raise,
His son, your peer, a spritely note of praise;
Of Isthmian toils the meed,
And for the prize in Nemea's glen decreed.
For him e'en I, albeit in spirit griev'd,
Am bidden to invoke the golden Muse;
And, our great mourning o'er,
Let us not be of coronals bereav'd;
Nor thou thy part refuse,
Cherishing sadness more.
The dire affliction past, our art
May something of delight impart,
To sweeten toils endured;
Since, by some God secured,
That stone of Tantalus no more we dread,
Suspended o'er our head;
Peril surpassing all the pow'r of Greece.
But with departed fear my troubles cease:
And passive still our hearts obey
Influence of the present day,
(For guileful Time, in eddies hung,
Hurries our stream of life along)

And Freedom comes with balm to heal
Whate'er of transient ills we feel;
And still should hope, a cherish'd guest,
Have harbour in the human breast.
One, that hath had in Thebes his nurriture,
Doth to Ægina owe
Of sweet acknowledgment a gratious flower.
For to Asopus were twin daughters born,
His youngest, and they pleased the eye of Jove;
And by the beauteous wave
Of Dirce, one he gave
To rule the city that doth chariots love:
But thee into th' Œnopian isle away
Wafting, he in thy soft embraces lay;
And to the thunder-rolling Father there
Thou Æacus didst bear,
His dearest child, by Gods in honour held,
Their minister of justice. Sons from him,
And of his sons the offspring, much excell'd,
Godlike in courage, to assay the grim
And iron front of battle in his rage;
Nor less of soul were temperate and sage.
This not the blest immortals did forget,
When they in council met;
And Jove for Thetis with bright Neptune vied,
Each wishing her his bride,
By spell of love possest.
But they, the pow'rs divine averr'd,
Must from that nuptial bed refrain,
Soon as presageful lips they heard
Utter the sure prophetic strain.

For Themis, in the midst who sat,
Reveal'd the stern decree of fate;
That from that sea-nymph born, an heir,
Stronger than his sire, shall bear
Another weapon grasp'd in hand,
Mightier than the levin-brand,
Or than that three-forked mace;
If she meet in strict embrace
With the Sovran of the Sky,
Or his brother-deity.
"Cease then your suit. And let her brook
A mortal bed, and look
Upon a son in fight laid low;
With hands like Mars' to chase the foe,
And speed of foot, as lightning-shine.
To bid the spousal rites, be mine:
So her to Peleus I assign,
Son of Æacus, renown'd
O'er Iolcos' ample bound
For the man that honours most
With pious pray'r our saintly host.
To Chiron's everlasting den
Be the tidings swiftly sped:
Nor Nereus' child for us again
The petals of contention spread.
But when next that solemn eve
Duly doth the moon divide,
For the chieftain let her leave
Her lovely virgin zone aside."
The Goddess ended. And her speech
When the pow'rs Saturnian heard,

Their deathless brows they nodded each.
Nor without fruit her heav'nly word
Fell to the ground. For, as they say,
Jove himself did keep the day
Of Thetis' nuptials; and the rhymes
Of poets sage to stranger climes
Achilles' early prowess shew'd,
He, who the viny Mysian shore,
Sprinkling with empurpled gore
Of Telephus, bedew'd;
And for th' Atridæ bridged their homeward way;
And ransom'd beauteous Helena;
And cut the nerves of Troy in twain,
That erst amid the battle fray
Had stopt his lance's furious way;
Memnon's might and Hector's pride;
And many a glorious prince beside;
Whom he pointing down their road
To Proserpine's dark abode,
In lustre gave alike to shine
Ægina and his noble line.
Nor when in death himself he lay,
Lack'd he a sweet recording lay.
But at his funeral pyre and sacred tomb,
The Heliconian maidens, standing round,
Pour'd forth in many a lamentable sound
The dirgeful strain that told his timeless doom.
For fav'ring Gods the brave consign
E'en in their death to song divine.
Now at that holy call obeys
The Muses' car, and hastes away

To the grave of Nicocles,
Vow of warbled verse to pay;
Honouring the champion stout,
Who on Isthmian field was seen
With Doric braid of lively green.
Before him fled in scatter'd rout
Whate'er of might from neighbour lands
Made trial of his matchless hands.
Nor in aught his brother's son
Shames the lineage. Therefore one
Of his chosen equals bind
A chaplet gay of myrtle twin'd
For Cleander's brow, in fee
Of his five-fold victory.
He in Alcathous' ring before
Received the loud acclaim;
Nor less on Epidaurian shore
In youthful triumph came.
Such deeds the good man's praise secure.
For not in dull concealment past
His prime of manhood did he waste,
Inglorious and obscure.

THE END.

CHISWICK:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

JAN 1 4 1948